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Weeks' Mills, Me.

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CURES RHEUMATISM.

BRADFORD, VT., Feb. 15, 1888.
One bottle of *Anti-Apoplectine* cured me of Rheumatism in the muscles of the back.
H. L. FAY.

CURES HEART DISEASE.

SWANTON, VT., Feb. 25, 1888.
My wife had what the doctor called Neuralgia of the Heart. *Anti-Apoplectine* has cured her.
A. H. QUAIN.

CURES PARALYSIS.

HASTINGS, MN., Dec. 20, 1888.
I have taken two bottles of *Anti-Apoplectine* for Paralysis of the left leg, and it helped me.
ALEXANDER D. JONES.

CURES LIVER & KIDNEY TROUBLES.

CASLAR, MI., Feb. 26, 1888.
I obtained great benefit from *Anti-Apoplectine*, for Kidney and Liver troubles.
Yours truly, REV. GEORGE H. MOORE.

CURES DYSPEPSIA.

BURLINGTON, VT., Feb. 26, 1888.
Anti-Apoplectine was used by a member of our family as a remedy for Chronic Dyspepsia and Indigestion with very excellent results.
R. O. WARD.

Price $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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Maine Farmer.

RICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE NEWS, &C.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LVII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1889. No. 46.

Fairs to Occur.

Alfred Grange—At Kennebunk, Oct. 10th.
Cumberland County—At Gorham, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d.
East Oxford Agricultural Society—At October 8th, 9th and 10th.
East Eddington, East Eddington, Oct. 2d and 3d.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Franklin Park, Farmington, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
Kennebec County—At Readfield, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.
Lincoln County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Damariscotta Driving Park, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
North Franklin, Phillips, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Oxford, Norway and So. Paris, Oct. 1st, 2nd, and 3d.
Oxford West, Fryeburg, Oct 8th, 9th and 10th.
Pomological Central—At Foxcroft, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Sanford Agricultural and Mechanical Association—At Oak Grove Park, Sanford, Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th.
Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Somerset Central, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
Skowhegan and Acton, Shapleigh, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Sunburo and Cape Elizabeth—Oct. 8th.

It took forty tons of hay to feed the stock at the State Fair, besides that which exhibitors brought from their own barns.

At a dairy conference held at the farm of Wm. Crosier, Northport, Long Island, the churning gave one pound of butter from 12.76 pounds of Jersey milk, a good record.

Mr. O. H. Leavitt of the New Hampshire *Mirror and Farmer*, formerly of Turner, was at the Fair where he met the greetings of many of his old acquaintances. He was highly pleased with the success of the exhibition.

Corn has ripened up a fine crop under the September heat, and in its golden harvest is bountifully suggestive of the possibilities of this valuable crop to the wide-awake farmer, who catches on to modern methods and practices as they go marching on to bigger and better things.

It was a good Jersey two year old heifer of Mr. C. F. Cobb's that gave 2 15-16 inches of cream in one day at the fair in competition for President Prince's special prize. The cream was raised in a Cooley can and was equivalent to 1¾ lbs. of butter. The Jerseys give good testimony when butter is called.

We are under obligations to many agricultural societies for complimentary tickets to their annual exhibitions, and only wish that all could be used. So many of these, however, occur at the same time that only a small number can be visited each year. Thanks for the courtesy are hereby extended.

One of the foolish things in the nomenclature of breeds is the double name attached to the noble Dutch cattle, Holstein-Friesians. We are glad to note that stockmen in this State, almost exclusively do the sensible thing to use the single name, Holstein, alone, and we propose to endorse their course by doing the same thing. If the Association chooses to adhere to a senseless whim, they have that right, but that is no reason why the rest of us should respect it.

From James A. Varney, The Dalles, Oregon, formerly a resident of this State, and an active officer of our State Pomological society, we have received bulletins No. 1 and 2 of the Oregon Board of Horticulture, of which he is an officer, and the premium list of the first annual exhibition of the Second Eastern Oregon District Agricultural Society of which he is President. We are glad to thus learn that Mr. Varney is still interested in matters of horiculture, and is laboring for the good of his fellow man.

The September crop report of the Department of Agriculture makes the general average of corn 91, a reduction of nearly five points; of Winter wheat when harvested, 89.4 from 92 on the first of July; of Spring wheat, 83.9, an increase from 81.2 in August. This makes the general average of all wheat 87.6. The general condition of oats is 90, instead of 92 3 last month; of rye 91.6; of barley, 88.9, instead of 90.6; of buckwheat, 92.1, instead of 95.3; of tobacco, 76.2, a reduction from 84.4. The percentage of stock hogs available for fattening is 101; condition 98. The corn crop is a week late in a large proportion of its breadth.

The Massachusetts farmers propose to enter into another fight for honest butter at the coming State election. We admire their pluck, and only wish that we could pool the vote of this State in behalf of their honorable cause. It is a shame and a stain on New England intelligence that the old Bay State, right in the heart of the New England phalanx and surrounded as it is by a grand dairy belt of country now largely engaged in the business, should be the most cursed with this glaring fraud of any State in the Union. All the other New England States are equally interested in the matter, but votes alone can accomplish the work. These must be cast in the State where the enemy lurks. It seems the cause is good enough to command the vote of every honest man.

At last the annual official report of the analyses of commercial fertilizers has appeared issued as Part 1, of the annual station report. Better late than never applies with significant force to this report, and the criticism which has been so frequently heard from both farmers and dealers that the station has been slow about this work seems to be not entirely uncalled for, when it is considered that the goods are shipped into the State in March and April and a report of their inspection does not appear until September. The work appears to have been done with much care and the report is tabulated in admirable good order. We shall publish a condensed resume of the work as soon as our columns are relieved from the pressure upon them.

The third great Cattle Show and Fair of the Bay State Agricultural Society will be held six days, commencing Oct. 7th. The most extensive preparations have been in progress for some time to make this Fair a most remarkable event in the annals of agricultural exhibitions. The first Fair that this society held was in the same building in 1886, and the success, both from the variety and excellent exhibits and the enormous attendance was most phenominal, and this year it has been the aim of the society to eclipse its previous Fairs in the way of exhibits, and there is no doubt but what the attendance will be even greater than at the 1886 Fair, for the reason that the public was so impressed with the previous Fairs, and that for the coming Fairs the railroads running into Boston have one and all arranged to run cheap excursions the entire week. Over $12,000 will be given in premiums for cattle, horses, sheep, swine, poultry, agricultural implements, grain, vegetables, dairy products, fruits, flowers and domestic manufactures.

J. C. Houghton & Co., of Liverpool and London, report that the home supply of fruit will be very small, and therefore the prospects of shipments from American ports corresponding large. They call attention to the advisability of not shipping small or common fruit, for if any quantity of this class arrives the result will be unsatisfactory. They look for a good demand for fruit of good size and quality. A bulletin of the Massachusetts board of agriculture gives returns from all parts of that State, and from these returns it is officially reported that there will be only about half a crop of winter apples in that State, and of rather poor quality. The shipping of apples abroad has commenced for the season, and prices are quite satisfactory for fruit in good condition. Kings sold for $4.50 @ $5, Baldwins at $3 to $3.50, and Greenings $3 to $3.25. Under date of Sept. 5, Pancoast & Griffiths, wholesale produce dealers in Philadelphia, Pa., issue the following circular as to the outlook for apples and potatoes. The fallure of the apple crop in the Ontario Lake region of York State means a short supply East this season, and the quality was never poorer from worm and blight. The general eastern crop is reported short and faulty. Nova Scotia promises but 50,000 barrels for export against 100,000 barrels last season. Our market is already feeling the effects of scant supply of desirable fruit, receipts of common and poor apples and pears prevailing and pressing for sale, while strictly choice stock is scarce and readily salable at top quotations. Blush and Gravensteins, $2.75 to $3.25 per barrel; Snow, $2.75 to $3; Bellefleur, $2.50 to $2.75; Pippins, $2 to $2.50; mixed kinds, $1.50 to $2 per barrel. Local potatoes have already been generally harvested and marketed, on account of the rot resulting from wet weather. The damaging extent of rot on the late crop in York State and other localities is not yet determined. Local wagon stock is well out of the way, and car-lot shipments of prime stock from outside points find ready sale on arrival at 48 to 53 cents per bushel, according to quality. Near future prospects favorable.

Orchard Notes.

One has only to travel through the apple growing sections of the State to learn what varieties to grow for the market. The whole story is written out in the orchard. Go where you will, and the Baldwins are the trees that have the props under the limbs. It is surprising how this variety will pan out the apples. There is nothing that will match them throughout that part of the State where the winter's cold is not too severe for them. Baldwins should be grafted in the branches on seedling trunks. Many understand the reason for this course to be that the Baldwin wood is not hardy. But this is only half of it, and hardly that. A further and more important reason is that the wood of the Baldwin variety is so brittle, so free rift, that a tree trunk of this wood cannot hold together under its weight of fruit, and is liable to go to pieces when the winds blow and the strain comes. We have seen many wrecks of this kind after the trees have become large, and their burden of fruit heavy.

The old and reliable Rhode Island Greening comes next in order in bounty of bearing, and we are by no means sure but in a series of years it will fully match the popular Baldwin. This tree stands up under its load of fruit better than the Baldwin. It sells as well abroad, and also in our own markets, and by no means should be overlooked in view of any of the new sensations.

The Gravenstein is making a good record for itself this year. In quality it is the best fall apple grown, and the markets well know it, and pay high prices for it as long as it can be reached. There never yet has been enough of this variety grown to supply the demand. High quality always holds its price on the market, and it is the height of folly for a fruit grower to place his efforts on any variety that does not possess it.

The Milding is a variety that is worthy of wider attention than it has yet received in the State, particularly in those sections where only the hardier kinds can succeed. Mr. O. L. Larrabee, Levant, near Bangor, says it is the best apple he grows. We found it in Washington county last fall at several points, where it was introduced by the present editor of the *Farmer* several years ago, and in every case with high estimates of the value. In our own orchards (Androscoggin county) it is a bountiful bearer. Our trees were loaded a year ago with all they could carry, and with the exception of a single tree are again this year giving a like bounty. The fruit is medium to large, and with no undersized ones to throw out, is showy and of high quality.

Don't be afraid of plowing the orchards. This has always accorded with our own experience, and is corroborated by observation among others. Mulching is not enough, however bountiful. It is barely sufficient for the growth of the tree, while fruit is what one is after. A case in point is under observation in our own town, where a fine orchard, well cared for in unbroken sod, had been giving but light crops of fruit, or none at all. Last autumn the owner plowed up one-half of it, applied a light coating of manure, and gave the trees a good stirring up. It had not before been plowed for many years, and of course many of the roots were torn up and broken off. The result of it is that the plowed portion of the orchard is loaded with fruit, the follage of the trees is large, and of that deep green shade which indicates health and thrift, while the unplowed section has but a scattering crop of wormy fruit, and the foliage is dwarfed and sickly pale in color. The experience carries its own lesson. Don't be afraid of putting the plow at work in the orchard.

Fruit, in common with all products this year, is forward, and should be picked correspondingly early. Some have already picked their winter apples. As soon as picked, apples should be stored in apartments where the temperature can be kept low and even. Fruit growers having large quantities would find it to their advantage to provide cold storage apartments for it. Handle the fruit carefully in picking. This means a great deal in the end, though to some an unimportant matter at the time. There is much wormy fruit this year, and it should all be sorted out as it comes from the orchard, and given storage by itself. This has to be done sometime, and it is better that the sound fruit have nothing to contaminate it. It always pays to do work thoroughly and well.

The State Agricultural Society.

The State Agricultural Society has met with a wonderful success this year, a success that has not always followed it in the past, and cannot be depended upon to follow it in the future. It therefore, *as a corporation*, ought to secure to itself the advantages coming from the large receipts of the fair. It is an easy matter with a society whose organization is so loose as is this to let large sums of money in the aggregate slip away through the heavier demands that are sure to be made on large receipts. Already we have heard the significant appeal "now we have got more money to work with, we can afford to be more liberal."

According to the report of the treasurer made at the annual meeting, the society is responsible for a debt of $32,000. This will never be paid only through the strictest business management and the *most rigid economy of expenditure throughout*. There is no possible place to be "liberal." A debt of this amount is no trifling matter, and under the best possible management will hold its cold grip upon the society and its work for many years yet. We believe we voice the sentiment of every member of the society and of the public at large in saying to the officers "pay that debt." Count every cent with a rigid economy till it is done.

The receipts for the year will foot up over $25,000. Out of so large a sum there should be at least $10,000 paid on the debt. If there is not it may properly be laid to the account of the officers that there is careless, if not reckless, expenditure somewhere. Again we urge, pay the debt!

Dark Colored Cotton Seed Meal.

Dear Sir: Can you tell us what makes the cotton seed meal so black? It is much darker than it used to be, and my cows do not eat it as well. I think the manufacturers are grinding more hulls. I do not want cotton seed hulls to make cream on. I think the manufacturers are imposing upon the farmers. Respectfully yours,
New Gloucester. A. C. CHANDLER.

The cotton seed meal that is on the market at this season of the year is old meal. The mills do not run during the summer months. Time and the exposure to the air after it is ground, change the meal to a darker shade, and at the same time it loses a measure of that sweet, nutty flavor which gives it palatability when fresh. Sometimes old seed that has been exposed, uncovered, to the rains and the weather, is ground and put on the market, and of course is of inferior quality. Cotton seed hulls in the meal can be easily detected. We have seen samples where it formed a large portion of the meal. It is found in coarse, dark colored parts. By taking a sample of the meal and washing the finer and valuable parts away, the proportion of worthless hulls is easily seen. These hulls are not only worthless matter, but are actually injurious to stock. The course to take is never to buy any but that which is fine, bright and sweet. The dealers then will be obliged to look after quality in that which they handle. If any is delivered, either in car lots or lesser quantities, that is not of standard quality, it need not be taken by the purchaser.

Pomological Hall at the State Fair.

The entire upper floor of Exhibition Hall, at the Park, was given to the Pomological Society for their horticultural collections, and it was none too large. The only complaint heard was that there was not room enough. This enlarged space enabled those in charge to carry out more of system, order and method in the arrangement of the different collections and classes than ever before. In this respect there was little chance for criticism. The arrangement was a model in its way. This is due to its efficient officers, who spare no time or labor in carrying out the work they undertake, regardless of the, to them, secondary matter of compensation. They put an immense amount of work into the exhibition, and, as a result, everything were like clock work, and the work of awarding prizes was completed in good time. Secretary Knowlton presided over the entire department, and had his work well in hand and he proves a most efficient man for the place.

While a considerable number of the old exhibitors were not represented on the tables, the vacancies were admirably filled by the business of fruit growing extends, and in extent and variety the exhibition, as a whole, was never equalled in any former year of the society's work. It is impossible, in the limit of this issue to do more than a displayed manner, 12 of each kind, after a design suggested by us several years ago. It was a rich looking table and suggestive of the money expected out of the crop the standard varieties which were admirably arranged on a table by themselves, accompanied with samples of barrels in which to ship them in, most certainly a fitting arrangement. The vacancies above noted, as

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 26, 1889.

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☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage free to all subscribers.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. G. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. ATES is now calling upon our subscribers in Knox county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Aroostook county.

MR. H. L. LELAND of East Sangerville, is now calling upon our subscribers in Piscataquis county.

Gen. O. O. Howard, the first Colonel of the old Third Regiment, will accompany the Maine commission to Gettysburg.

Mr. J. H. Barton of Windsor, exhibited on Monday a box of luscious raspberries, which were picked on the day previous—and that was Sunday.

A thorough examination has been made of the herd of Major Winslow at Falmouth, and no case of tuberculosis found, although it was suspected that the cattle had the disease.

Superintendent Kimball, of the Life Saving Service, has received reports by telegraph, showing that during the recent great storm on the Atlantic coast, relief was given to 47 vessels, and 301 persons were rescued.

Mr. J. F. Jefferds, who was employed in the post office department for twenty-one years, and resigned on account of ill health, has again been placed in the government service by a recent appointment of postmaster at Livermore Falls.

We would acknowledge our obligations to Mr. S. W. Parlin, Secretary of the New England Breeders' Association, Boston, for a cordial invitation to be present at the annual gathering of breeders and horses this week. It will be a notable gathering of the best stock of New England.

In the fall arrangement of the Kennebec and Boston steamboat line, the "Star" has been taken off, and the magnificent new steamer "Kennebec" will continue to run on the route until the close of the season. On and after Sept. 30th, steamer connecting with "Kennebec" will leave Augusta at 1 P. M.; Hallowell at 1.30, and Gardiner at 2.30.

There is every reason to believe that a gang of adroit swindlers at Kansas City, Mo., is preparing to flood eastern cities with fraudulent bonds of counties in southwestern Kansas and northwestern Texas. Bankers at the west have been receiving inquiries from the east for several weeks in regard to the bonds of various Kansas and Texas counties, most of which have not been liked there.

A fair young maiden of Shaker settlement, started ostensibly on an errand a few days ago, but was met on a highway by Will Knight, who escorted her over the New Hampshire line to a preacher's house, where they were married. They have returned and settled down in Raymond, and the prayers and dances of the Shakers have been of no avail in inducing the fair maid to return to the flock.

Messrs. James Lindsay & Son, Glasgow and Edinburgh, cable that they are selling American apples at the following prices for sound stock: Kings, 20 to 28 shillings; Baldwins, 15 to 16 shillings; Greenings, 12 to 13 shillings; various others, 15 to 18 shillings. The shipments from all ports here to all ports abroad, for the week ending September 14th, amounted to 3779 barrels, being a total shipment for the season of only 16,000 barrels, against 32,000 last year up to same date.

Thomas Bradbury, the ancestor of the Bradburys in America, came over from England in 1634, as the agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. He settled in Salisbury, Mass., and was one of the leading citizens of that town. He died in 1695. Dr. W. B. Lapham of this city, has been engaged by our honored townsman, Hon. J. W. Bradbury, to compile a genealogy of Thomas Bradbury. Those connected with the family in this country will be glad to have it published and will please communicate with Dr. Lapham.

Prof. W. H. Jordan, Director of the Maine State Agricultural Experiment Station, will deliver an address at the East Eddington Fair, to be held Oct. 2d and 3d. Prof. Jordan is certainly the right man in the right place, and his skilful directions the Station has become a great source of benefit to the farmers of the State. The address will be on the last day of the fair, and the farmers in the vicinity of East Eddington should not miss hearing him speak.

The *Daily Sun*, St. John, N. B., speaks in flattering terms of the services of Dr. Twitchell of the *Farmer*, who gave an object lesson in scoring, in the presence of a large gathering of horsemen. The *Sun* says: "Dr. Twitchell's remarks were listened to with much interest by the gentlemen present. The scale which the doctor advocates is in some essentials a departure from the Wallace system, and is the result of some years' practical study of the question in its bearings on the Maine horse market."

The Queen of England is one of the hardest worked officials in the realm. Apart from her private correspondence, there is hardly a government office that does not daily send her boxes of documents, warrants, etc., requiring her signature and attention. There is not a question of precedent, etiquette or change of uniform in the army, or detail of military and civil orders and decorations that does not come under her immediate supervision. The *Daily Court Circular* is carefully edited, revised and corrected by her own hand, and the punctuality with which she returns documents submitted for her signature is said to be marvelous.

The committee on the site and buildings of the World's Fair, on Friday afternoon decided on a location for the fair between 97th and 127th streets, Fourth avenue and North River, New York, to include Riverside Park and Morning Side Park, and property contiguous thereto, and to use the north end of Central Park only in case of there being an absolute necessity for it. It is probable the cost of the buildings will be as follows: Main building, 25 acres, $2,000,000; machinery hall, 20 acres, $2,500,000; agricultural hall, seven acres, $450,000; horticultural hall, six acres, $600,000; art hall, five acres, $600,000. Chicago is making a big bid for the Fair.

Col. Brigham, the Worthy Grand Master of the National Grange, closed his lecture campaign in the State, with a mass meeting at Sebago Lake on Friday. During their three weeks' lecturing tour in Maine, Gov. Robie and Col. Brigham have addressed twenty-three audiences in as many different localities, and traveled nearly one thousand miles. These audiences aggregate from 18,000 to 20,000 farmers. From the accounts that have appeared in the newspapers of Maine, and from what has come under our personal observation, we infer that they have been enthusiastically received by our wide awake, progressive Maine farmers, and their tour through the State must work great good to Maine patrons. Col. Brigham pays a warm tribute to the Grangers of Maine, when he says: "Your Maine patrons are a very intelligent class of people; they are a good feeling people, not grumblers or fault-finders. Thanks to the untiring efforts of State Master Robie, the Grange today in Maine stands as well as in any State in the Union. It takes in all the educated and thinking farmers. The ex-Governor's popularity among the people undoubtedly has had a good deal of effect in grange work."

NELSON WINS—THE GREAT RACE OF THE YEAR SETTLED—THE HONORS BELONG TO MAINE. Never in the history of the trotting turf has there been the degree of interest manifested in a single performance, as has hung around the Balch stallion race, which was trotted Monday. From east to west, north to south, the horsemen and sporting fraternity have been for months discussing the question and reasoning upon the chances to win.

The day fixed upon for the race, the 18th, proved stormy, and a postponement was necessary. At that time fully eight thousand were present at Boston, from the State of Maine. Hardly a town but was represented. The extreme of Aroostook sent its quota to join those from the Provinces and Prince Edward Island. It was to be the race of the giants, and Maine was fully represented. The great horse, Nelson, bred in our own State, the admiration of all, from the day he was first shown to the public, was still the favorite. His performances during this season, in every case, had strengthened the feeling of admiration for this wonderful piece of mechanism. Though defeated at Hartford, it was by reason of a combination of men and horses never before met on the race course.

To witness an honest contest between the fastest stallions of the country the thousands flocked to Boston, and waited for days to see the fight. Monday brought fair skies and everything favorable. When the hour of starting came, fully forty thousand people were flocking about the grand stand and wire, trying to secure a position where a close finish could be witnessed. The track was not favorable to record breaking, though in fair condition. When Nelson appeared, a great cheer greeted him. On the seat sat his owner, who evidently preferred to pilot his own horse, though obliging him to carry thirty-five pounds over weight. The positions drawn were as follows: Alcryon the pole, Pilot Knox second, Nelson third, Granby fourth and Junemont outside.

When the word is given on the first heat, after several attempts the gray, so much feared by friends of Nelson, opens a length at the turn, but his advantage is short lived, for Nelson, with his wonderful clock-like action, closes the gap, and before an eighth of a mile is passed is in front, not to be headed again for the entire race, which he wins in three straight heats, in 2.18¼, 2.17¼, and 2.18¾, Alcryon second in each heat. The following is the summary, and in itself tells the story:

Charles H. Nelson, b s Nelson	1	1	1
Frank Noble, g s Alcryon	2	2	5
John H. May, br s Pilot Knox	3	4	2
E. F. Sailer, b s Junemont	4	3	3
John Carey, s s Junemont	5	5	4

TIME.

1st heat,	:34	1.08½	2.18¼
2d "	:34	1.07¾	2.17¼
3d "	:34	1.08¾	2.18¾

Thus was the stallion race for 1889 settled, and the glory belongs to the Pine Tree State. It means far more than the amount of the purse or the glory or success of Mr. Nelson. Its effect will be to make and hold prominent the colts bred upon the farms of Maine. For this reason there is great cause for thankfulness. Rejoice, as we all do, with Mr. Nelson in his triumph, the reflex influence upon the breeding of the State will tell the story of the worth of such grand performances. That Maine can produce such matchless stock has been proven over and over again. The last great stallion race was won by Pilot Knox, and the breeding interests of the State felt the good resulting. Another prize has been secured, and again there comes back the echo of the chorus of voices praising our eastern bred stock. The line of march is onward and upward. So long as this is maintained, the vantage ground is ours. These enthusiastic breeders have gone before and opened the way, and it now remains for the individual breeders, scattered all over the State, to take the lesson and profit by the example. Maine has swung into the front rank, and no wonder a spirit of exultation prevails. The present week at the Breeders' Meeting, still further evidence of the worth of our stock will be demonstrated. It is no idle boast to claim the highest honors for Maine, for the quality of our goods sustains fully the most extravagant claims.

Although "Nelson" is almost a household word in Maine, it is but proper that in connection with this great race, his breeding be given in full. He is a bay, of commanding appearance, standing 15.3½ hands, foaled in 1882; was by Young Rolfe, by Tom Rolfe, he by Pughs Aratus, out of the celebrated pacing mare Pocahontas. Nelson's dam was Gretchen, by Gideon, out of Kate, by Vermont Black Hawk, Gideon being by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Such is the breeding of this wonderful horse who to-day has a national reputation. His dam, Gretchen, now twenty-two years old, still does service at Sunnyside farm, and almost every year produces a colt, the admiration of all who see it. In 1871 she produced Knox Girl, by Gen. Knox, trial 2.28¾; the dam of Aubine 2.19¼; 1873, Onward, by Otis Morrill, now at the farm, and one of the valued sires of a grand class of colts; 1874, Midnight, by same horse, record 2.33½; 1877, Stanle Owen, 2.26, by Daniel Boone; 1881, Daisy Rolfe; 1882, Nelson; 1884, Sadie L., now owned by B. F. & F. H. Briggs, Auburn; 1885, June, sold out of the State. These four were all by Young Rolfe, who was that year sold to Mr. John Shepherd, Boston, where he died in a race. 1885, Edna, by Dictator Chief, 2.21¼; 1886, Redmond, sold; 1887, Gretta, sold; these two also by Dictator Chief; 1888, bred to Wilkes, by Alcyone.

Nelson's first appearance on the track was in 1884, when, as a two year old, he got a record of 2.50. As a three year old he dropped the figures to 2.26½, the fastest record of any age ever made by a three year old, and one still unequalled. In 1887 he got a record of 2.21¾, over Mystic, after a heavy season in the stud. This year his first appearance was at Lancester, July 4th, where he won the free for all in three straight heats, distanced being waived in the last, that the action of the horse might be seen. At Mystic, in July, he scored another victory, winning in short order in 2.21, 2.17½, and 2.16¾. At Buffalo, in August, the scene was repeated in 2.15, 2.17¾ and 2.15. At Hartford he won the first heat in 2.14½, but lost the race to Alcryon. And now he comes to the test in proper condition, and scores a lasting victory. Not content with what has been accomplished, another race has already been arranged between Nelson and Alcryon, to be trotted over Fleetwood Park, within two weeks, while at Mystic, at the Breeders' meeting, to-day, Thursday, he is to start to beat his record. Tempting offers have been made to show the horse south and west, and races will probably be made after the season closes in the east.

One day recently while a little girl was playing on the beach at Emerald Lake, Sanford, a monstrous bald-headed eagle swooped down towards her, frightening her so that she screamed and fell on the sand, thus escaping. Her baby sister sat on the piazza of the Ladley camp, and the eagle darted in that direction, but just as it neared the baby Mrs. Ladley, mother of the children, appeared at the door of the camp, and at the cries of the little ones. The appearance of Mrs. Ladley startled the bird so that it swerved from its course, passing between two trees standing at least fifteen feet apart, the tips of its wings touching each tree in its flight.

The New York Sun has found the manuscript of an autobiographical letter written by Artemus Ward from Waterford, in 1864, in Ward's characteristic vein. Speaking of his parentage, he says: "My father was a magistrate and lumber merchant—a clear-headed and thoroughly honest man, so competent in his business as to be consulted on all kinds of law questions, and so honest that he invariably had his hands full of business involving large sums of money. I fear he was a little too honest, for he died poor after all."

Lizzie Miller, the fast yearling filly that trotted at Clinton in 3 01¼ recently, Tuesday, at Livermore Falls, made an exhibition to beat the New England record made by palm, 2.13½ doing the first quarter in 43 seconds, half in 1.36 and the mile in 2.57. Lizzie Miller was recently sold to a Massachusetts party for $600.

At the Massachusetts Republican State Convention held in Boston yesterday, Lieut. Gov. Brackett was nominated candidate for governor, on the first ballot, over Mr. Crapo. The contest has been a long and spirited one.

PROGRESS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL.—Hon. N. R. Dawson commissioner of education, has filed with the Secretary of the Interior, his annual report for the year ending June 30, 1889, in the course of which he says that from an analysis of the statistics of the public schools for the decade from 1876-77 to 1886-87, it appears that the growth of the system, considering the whole country, has outstripped during that period the growth of the population, the excess of the increase of enrollment over the increase in the population between six and fourteen years of age, being 1.6 per cent. This gain, the commissioner says, is due entirely to the progress of the public schools in the more southern sections and more especially in the south central division. Here the increase of enrollment shows an excess over the increase of population probably never before paralleled in a country so long settled. The sentiment in favor of free schools, supported by public funds, he says, is becoming each year more universally prevalent. The public school systems of the Southern States have been undergoing unprecedented development. Colored children are apportioned an equal share of school funds unless in the State of Delaware and there the schools are kept open as long and under as well paid teachers as those of white inhabitants.

Compulsory education, the commissioner says, forms no feature of the southern school system. "The arbitrary proceedings," he adds, "which compulsory attendance by law suggests, its inquisitorial methods and the influence of state in the parental control of children, the effect upon the parents of sending their children to school under compulsion in impairment of that self respect which lies at the basis of character and good citizenship, seem to render compulsory attendance by law an instrumentality to be resorted to only to suppress great and crying evils."

In the course of his remarks upon the public schools in our principal cities, the Commissioner says: "In no department of the city school work is improvement more manifest than in the primary schools and this for the reason, perhaps, that, in them there was the greatest room for improvement." The commissioner regrets his inability to report the general adoption of physical training in the public schools, and says that though thousands of dollars have been invested in apparatus to be used in the development of the mind, no provision worthy of serious consideration, has been made for strengthening the body, upon whose sound condition effective mental effort depends. In concluding his report the commissioner says: "In ending my official connection with this office, it is a source of great pleasure and satisfaction to know that the friends of education in the United States have taken no steps backward during the last decade, but that the cause of general education is stronger than at any previous time in our history and still growing in public estimation."

LANDSLIDE AT QUEBEC. At eight o'clock Thursday night several thousand tons of rock slid from Cape Diamond, at the end of Dufferin Terrace, to Champlain street, Quebec, 300 feet below, demolishing in its course several dwellings. The mass of rock detached from the cliff's side left a vacant space of extraordinary dimensions under Dufferin Terrace, and that great promenade is now unsafe. The debris covered the road in a solid mass for some 300 feet in length, and from 15 to 25 feet in height. The houses in that locality were built of stone and brick, and inhabited by ship laborers, etc. The landslide prostrated the electric wires, and the relief party of 600 men were compelled to work almost in total darkness. The avalanche was caused by the hot weather of the past few weeks, cracking the earth and rock, which were loosened and driven down by the heavy rain of the last few days. Several bodies were rescued, but on Friday, horror succeeded horror as the work progressed. While the workers were busy clearing away the debris of the crumbled buildings faint groans were heard at intervals from under the huge pile of rocks. The efforts of volunteers were concentrated to that point, and after three hours of hard work the bleeding body of Joe Kemp was extricated from the mass of rock. The poor man was in a most pitiable condition. He did not live many hours. Two hours later his wife's body was taken out of the wreck. Her head was almost severed from her body.

Further away was found the corpse of a young woman who had been admired in her lifetime for her beauty. Her body had been crushed almost flat.

Shortly after viewing her remains her husband became a raving maniac and it is doubtful if he will recover his reason.

A man named Michael Bradley, who had gone almost crazy when told all his family had perished in the land slide, discovered while working over the wreck of his house his five-year-old daughter still alive. His joy was indescribable. It is thought the child will live. The property loss is about $100,000.

It is thought that nearly 200 persons lost their lives. A good deal of the remaining earth will have to be removed, as another land slide is feared. Men are working day and night to recover other bodies.

"What went ye out for to see?" was doubtless the query of many a disappointed one, who went to Boston, last week, from Maine, to witness the great stallion race. During almost the entire week, rail cars and steamboats were crowded with men anxious to witness the fight of the giants. Then came the rain and consequent postponement from day to day. Hotel keepers smiled, the Maine boys were discouraged, and scatteringly came home, "one by one, as the roses fall." The *Waterville Sentinel* embalms the predicament in immortal verse:

'Tis awful disappointing, when you go to Beacon Park
To see a famous race,
As in the present case,
To have a rain like that which drove old Noah to his Ark
When the races they postpone
And your ticket is almost gone,
'Tis a very weary ending to your lark.
But don't be sad Pat Nolan
And the folks who have dry wells
Are smiling, though your brow is dreadful dark.

THE OLD CASTLE. A fire Sunday night on the upper end of Water street, swept away one of the ancient landmarks of Augusta, being the large three story wooden building known as the "Old Castle." The basement was occupied by John Lawrence, shoe dealer, and Sam Sing, Chinese Laundry; the second story by C. M. Sturgis as a furniture paint-shop; the third, by two or three families as their home. Some of the contents of the latter building itself was ruined, the walls only remaining standing. It was owned by the Cutler heirs, and was uninsured. The Old Castle was built in 1795, by Mr. George Bond, and for fifty years the lower part was occupied by stores of a very respectable character, and the upper part by first-class families. Here Judge Wildred Conrad, who deceased many years since, brother of Col. Thomas Lambard, kept store there and occupied the upper part of the building with his family. Mrs. Lambard. By the way, Miss Lambard, who is eighty years of age, is now visiting at her brother's in this city. An uncle of Maj. Gilbreth kept store there at one time, as also did the late Joseph C. Nichols, Esq. The firm of Robinson & Crosby carried on trade in general merchandise in this building. In 1841, our well known citizen, Mr. Joseph A. Homan, purchased his first barrel of flour at this store, then kept by Solomon Leonard, paying therefor the sum of five dollars. Mr. Crosby, to whom we referred above, was quite a noted citizen, representing the town in the General Court of Massachusetts, and serving as cashier of the old Augusta Bank, from 1814 to 1839.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE MEETINGS. Following are the remaining dates announced for the County Teachers' Institutes in Maine this fall:

South Arcostook—Houlton, Oct. 1, 2.
Lincoln—Winnesboro, Oct. 4, 5.
Waldo—Searsport, Oct. 11, 12.
Somerset—Oct. 18.
Piscataquis—Oct. 18, 19.
Oxford—Bethel, Oct. 23, 26.
West Oxford—Oct. 25, 26.
Cumberland—Cape Elizabeth, Nov. 1, 2.
Sagadahoc—Nov. 1, 2.
York—Nov. 8, 9.
Kennebec—Nov. 15, 16.
Franklin—Nov. 22, 23.
Androscoggin—Nov. 25, 26.

There was an exceedingly smart old drummer boy present at the recent reunion of the Androscoggin Valley G. A. R. Association at East Livermore camp ground. Mr. Amos Alden, 83 years old, a member of Livermore Falls drum corps, was on duty with his corps and handled the sticks in the most skilful manner. Mr. Thompson, another old timer and a scientific bass drummer, came to the front. A fifer of "ye olden time" was also found, and the trio pounded out ancient muster field music to the great delight of the crowd present.

THE BABY SHOW. This branch of husbandry was the drawing feature of the Grange Fair in this city, and Saturday afternoon packed Meonian Hall almost to suffocation. Where the baby is, there the heart is also of the lover of his race; for that person who does not dote on babies is "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils." A confirmed old bachelor in the midst of such a surging crowd of beauty, could but drop the penitential tear that life had been to him a failure. These sprigs of humanity gathered in the ante-room in the arms of doting mothers, where preparations were made for the stage exhibition. Atkinson's House Furnishing Co., whose taste had been displayed in various parts of the hall, had carpeted and furnished the stage for the occasion; and when the twenty-eight babies took their places upon it, in their mothers' laps, forming a semi-circle, it fairly bloomed with beauty. Here are the names of the babies who appeared, with their ages, etc: Willie Cotton Sylvester, 4½ months; Albert T. Stilkey, 20 months; Frank Davidson, 18 months, 21 days; Roscoe Manson Jordan, 10 months; Angie May Beal, 4 months; Louisa Bell LeClair, 22 months; Albert Hodgkins, 19 months; Wm. Scott Rollins, 19 months; Edith Smith, 19 months; Susie Hall, 17 months; Chester Arthur Harvey, 16 months; Delia May Copp, 20 months; George Hinkley, 30 months; Alice Hazel Roberts, 10 months; Mildred Bernice Clark, 19 months; Roy Harold Brown, 18 months; Georgianna Dill, 21 months; Chester Clayton Stevens, 3 months; Julia M. Gillespie, 7 months; Harry S. Marden, 15½ months; Effie M. Grover, 19 months; Charles P. Taber, 13 months; Edie Vertie Smith, 19 months; Ray Littlefield, 7 months; Chas. S. Fooler, 12 months; Bernice Isabella Newton, 7 months; Warren L. Smith, 5 months; Hazel Lewis, 18 months.

The prizes were confined to babies coming inside of twenty months. The committee of judges consisted of Howard Owen, Asa W. Hedge and G. C. Flagg, and they certainly had a difficult and delicate task, as all the fair ones deserved prizes, and the Grange and their friends did their best to provide such. Show us the mother who does not believe that her darling is the handsomest darling in all the universe of mind and matter. The chairman of the committee stated that if any fault was found at the decisions the blame must rest upon his associate judges, who were experts in the characteristics of children, but who were too retiring to appear upon the stage. He was well armed, had an extra insurance on his life, and fire escapes had been provided at the rear of the building. He should refuse to kiss any of the babies, as several years ago in discharging similar duties, he had in an unguarded moment kissed a colored baby, and it died in just three months from the time!

The examination having been made, decisions were announced as follows, the audience becoming quite enthusiastic as the assessed chivalry was brought forward and inspected.

The prize to the handsomest baby, a silver mug, was given to Harry S. Marden; solid silver knife, fork and spoon to the neatest baby, George Hinkley, aged 30 months, weighing 31½ lbs.; silver napkin ring to the lightest baby, Louisa Isabella LeClair, aged 2 months, weight 11½ lbs. The following special prizes were awarded: To Albert Clark, a sweet kiss in the cape given by the Grange. To the youngest baby, Louisa Belle LeClair, two months, a pair of plated spoons, given by the Ivorine Co. To the baby that could say "papa and mamma," Julia Gillespie nine months old, also a pair of handsome black boots, given by F. L. Hersey. To the biggest eyed baby, Frankie Davidson, a pair of dainty white boots given by Mr. Johnson. To the bluest eyed baby, Willie Cotton Sylvester, whom Mr. Owen announced as a product of the Grange, $1 in silver given by J. E. Fuller, also to the youngest baby that has a tooth, Bernice Isabella Newton, 7 months, a handsome solid silver napkin ring, given by Fred H. Owen. Della May Copp, one pair of worsted stockings given by friends. After the giving of the special prizes, each little baby who "deserved a prize and didn't get it," was presented with a harmonica by Messrs. Bean & Hamlen, and a handsome bouquet sent to each display of cut flowers, Geo. A. Yeaton; 2d, Mrs. C. A. Milliken.

POT PLANTS—Mrs. A. A. Sampson.
BOUQUETS—1st, J. S. McKenney; 2d, A. D. Townsend. Special prize, silver cup, Miss Addie Cottle.

FINE ARTS—Best collection of paintings, Miss Mollie Myrick; Crayon, Mrs. Susie Penney; Painting, Miss Addie Owen; Painting on velvet, Mrs. H. W. Reid.

BREAD AND CAKE—Atherton Special Prize, Miss Maud Diplock; Grange Prize divided between Miss Villa Fletcher and Lou Glidden; loaf of bread, 1st, Lillian Blackman; 2d, Mrs. E. A. Lapham, Pittston; cake, 1st, Mrs. Ruel Glidden; fancy cake, Miss Villa M. Miller. Best butter, 1st, W. G. Fifield, 2d; plain cake, Mrs. H. A. Hall.

PEARS, PLUMS AND GRAPES—Best collection of pears, J. H. & G. A. Yeaton; best plate of pears, W. P. Atherton; open air grapes, S. A. Miller; cranberries, Moulton & Wellman.

FANCY WORK—Silk quilt, 1st, Mrs. Hannah Procter; 2d, Grace P. Hunt; bed spread, 1st, Emma F. Smiley, Riverside; 2d, Mrs. P. O. Vickery; afghan, 1st, Miss Carrie M. McKenney; 2d, Mae E. Morlen; rug, 1st, Mrs. Ada Heath; 2d, Mrs. A. A. Sampson; sofa pillow, 1st Clara Libbey; 2d, Alice M. Whitney; lambrequin, Miss Vinnie R. Williams; table cover, Mrs. O. O. Stetson; lamp scarf, 1st, Mrs. W. E. Bigelow; 2d, Alice A. Russell.

DOMESTIC WORK—Mittens, Mrs. John Duncan; slippers, Mary E. Duncan.

NEEDLE WORK—Towel, Cora C. Jewett.

MISCELLANEOUS—Silk cocoons, Mrs. Augustine, Hallowell; autumn leaves, Mrs. H. A. Rand.

MAINE STATE COLLEGE. The class of '90, the Maine State College Seniors, chose the following officers in their class meeting:

President—G. H. Babb.
Vice President—Miss A. Webb.
Secretary—C. J. Wallace.
Treasurer—W. E. Crawford.
Ex-Committee—A. W. Drew, John Bird, 2nd, V. J. Pierce.

The following were elected to take class parts:

Orator—J. B. Hackett.
Prophet—E. H. Kelley.
Valedictorian—C. C. Harvey.
Poet—L. H. Jones.
Address to Undergraduates—E. F. Heath.
Odist—G. M. Pillsbury.
Marshal—H. Blackington.
Historian—E. L. Dorey.

WORK OF THE CORN FACTORIES. The corn factories throughout the State had splendid weather for closing up their business.

At Strong, they put up about 250,000 cans, a good job. H. W. Allen planted one acre for the premium offered by the Cumberland Superphosphate Co.; from that acre he gets over 88 bushels, and will harvest over four tons of fodder.

At the factory in East North Farmington, much more corn was canned this season than ever before, and was of good quality.

The corn canning factories in Farmington, of which there are six or more, completed the season's work last week. The season was a short but very lively one. Hiram Titcomb states that he packed 120,000 cans, from between 75 and 80 acres.

At South Windham the shop has closed, after a successful season.

The Waldoboro Packing Company have finished their season's work on sweet corn. The pack amounts to one hundred and fifteen thousand cans, and has been put up in two and a half weeks. It is admitted by experts and dealers that this corn is second to none in Maine, and will meet with a ready sale.

At the corn packing establishment at York, the total pack for the season will be about 250,000 cans.

Mr. J. E. Hamilton of Garland, the proprietor of the corn factory, has raised fifty acres of sweet corn this year, on his own farm, and buys 300 acres of his neighbors. He converts the fodder into ensilage, which he feeds out to his milch cows, about 60 in number. The cream from their milk is manufactured into butter at Freeland J. Gerry's factory in east Garland.

The corn canning factory, E. G. Goding, proprietor, at Livermore Falls, closed last week with a fair amount packed, with the corn in good condition.

The Jay Bridge shops closed this week, with a pack of about one hundred and twenty thousand cans. The shops at East Livermore are running a part of the time, the corn coming in slowly. It is so uneven that two pickings are necessary on many pieces.

The Portland Packing Company have stopped receiving corn at Fairfield and Oakland, and Friday noon will take their last corn at Skowhegan and North Anson factories. Mr. Walter G. Davis informs the *Advertiser* that the output of the Fairfield factory is somewhat ahead of the season has been a little above the average for corn. The product of the four factories named above will be, Skowhegan, 300,000; Oakland, 300,000; Fairfield, 300,000, Anson, 375,000 cans. This is about 75,000 cans above the product of two years ago, in the North Anson factory, and 5,000 cans above that of the Skowhegan factory that year. Anson is one of the best, if not the best sweet corn town in Maine.

The corn factory at Buckfield finished canning last week, and many of the hands left for their homes in the Provinces. A larger proportion of fancy corn is the result of the favorable season and improved facilities for production. And while there has been a little whining because the cobs were put in the coupon, many have been disposed to deal fairly with all.

The canning factory at Bethel closed putting up corn and beans the 26th. They handled the largest amount ever known from Massachusetts containing 68,000 cans. Charles Davis was three full days hauling them to the factory, and they made 16 loads with horses, filling a large hayrack each load.

OLD KENNEBEC. This society is holding its exhibition this week, at Readfield, but we reserve our special report until next week. The following premiums were awarded, Tuesday:

Premiums.

HERDS.

1st, Mrs M L Robbins, Winthrop; 2d, Gilbert Underwood, Fayette.

TOWN TEAMS.

1st, Fayette, twenty yoke, average girth 7 ft 2 in; 2d, Mt Vernon, thirty-two yoke, average girth 7 ft 1 in; 3d, Readfield, ten yoke, average girth 7 ft.

JERSEYS.

1st and 2d on cows, 1st on heifer calf, 1st on bull calf, 1st on 3 yr old heifer, 2d on grade cow, 2d on heifer calf, 2d on 1 yr old heifer, 1st on bull, Lothrop, Fayette; 3d, Reuben Russell, Readfield; Grade cow, 1st, J O Haines, Mt Vernon; 1 yr old, 1st, L Hussey, Readfield; 2d, E Russell. One yr old bull, 1st, J D Walton, Wayne; same, 1st on 2 year old heifer; 2d, Mrs M L Robbins. Two yr old grade heifer, 1st, Otis Dunn, Mt Vernon.

3 yr old, 1st, E E & C K Gile, Fayette; 2d, L P Stevens, Belgrade; 2 years old, 1st Clarence Williams, Mt Vernon; 2d, Mrs L Robinson, Mt Vernon; 3d, Geo M Lane, Readfield.

HEREFORDS.

Thoroughbred bulls, 1st, C V Wells, Mt Vernon; 2d, E E Robinson, Mt Vernon. Grades, 1 year old, 1st, Otis Dunn, Readfield. Calves, 1st, Samuel Packard, Readfield; 2d, same. 2 year old heifer, 2d, same. Grades, 2 year old, 3d, E E & C K Gile. Thoroughbred cows, 1st, E E Robinson; 2d, C Underwood, Fayette. 1 year olds, 1st, E E Robinson; 2d, Otis Newton, Readfield. Bull calves, 1st same; 2d, E E Robinson. Grade cows, 1st, and 2d, E E & C K Gile.

SUSSEX.

Two year old bull, 1st, Frank Ham. 1 year old heifer, same.

MATCHED OXEN AND STEERS.

Oxen, 1st, A F Jones, Fayette; 2d, E H Kent, Fayette; 3d, Wm Bailey, Leeds—One yr old steers, 1st, Timothy Leighton, Mt. Vernon; 2d, E E & C K Gile; 3d, Reuben Russell, Readfield. E E & C K Gile, 2d, G Underwood, Fayette. 1 year old, 1st, E E & C K Gile. Calves, 1st, J M Wing, Wayne; 3d, C A French, Mt. Vernon.

DRAFT HORSES.

The following entered: Frank H Roberts, Wayne, one pair, 7 years old, weight, 2300 lbs. O Grave, Wayne, one pair, 7 years old, weight, 2400 lbs. Geo. Bean, Fayette, one pair, 5 and 6 years old, weight, 2400 lbs. Dolley & Folsom, Readfield, one pair, 5 and 7 years old, weight, 2500 lbs. Alden Bean, Fayette; Emily H Roberts; second, O Graves; third, M T Jones.

WEATHER-CROP BULLETIN OF THE NEW ENGLAND METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY FOR THE WEEK Ending September 21, 1889. Temperature.—The average temperature for the district, for the week ending to-day, was about normal. The week opened warm, with easterly and northeasterly winds prevailed during the first four days; on the 19th the wind backed to northwest, causing a rapid temperature fall over the whole of New England. A minimum of 44 degrees was reached on the morning of the 20th, but owing to the brisk wind, there was no frost. Light scarce forcing light frosts, as on Sledge Sweeting; E. W. Whitney, 1st on Ben Davis; Geo. B. Tobey, 2d on Ben Davis.

GRAINS—Pop Corn, Everett Gildden; barley, R. E. Penney; yellow eyed beans, Grace C. Whitney; The largest yellow beans, yellow corn, S. A. Miller; black eyed beans, Geo. W. Tobey; oats, peas, pea beans, J. H. & G. A. Yeaton.

POULTRY AND DAIRY—Poultry, and first on white and golden Wyandottes, Mrs. C. F. Fletcher; White Plymouth Rocks and Houdans, Henry T. Humphrey; Plymouth Rocks, Mrs. Whitney; Light Brahma fowl and chicks, and Plymouth Rock chicks, S. A. Miller; White Leghorns and Ducks, James E. Duncan.

BEES AND HONEY—Extracted honey, 1st S. A. Miller; 2d, L. F. Plummer.

BOX HONEY—1st, L. T. Wellman; 2d, Mrs. C. F. Fletcher; Bee-keepers' apparatus, W. L. Brown; Bees, L. T. Williams.

FLOWERS—Largest and best display of cut flowers, Geo. A. Yeaton; 2d, Mrs. C. A. Milliken.

POT PLANTS—Mrs. A. A. Sampson.

BOUQUETS—1st, J. S. McKenney; 2d, A. D. Townsend. Special prize, silver cup, Miss Addie Cottle.

FINE ARTS—Best collection of paintings, Miss Mollie Myrick; Crayon, Mrs. Susie Penney; Painting, Miss Addie Owen; Painting on velvet, Mrs. H. W. Reid.

BREAD AND CAKE—Atherton Special Prize, Miss Maud Diplock; Grange Prize divided between Miss Villa Fletcher and Lou Glidden; loaf of bread, 1st, Lillian Blackman; 2d, Mrs. E. A. Lapham, Pittston; cake, 1st, Mrs. Ruel Glidden; fancy cake, Miss Villa M. Miller. Best butter, 1st, W. G. Fifield, 2d; plain cake, Mrs. H. A. Hall.

PEARS, PLUMS AND GRAPES—Best collection of pears, J. H. & G. A. Yeaton; best plate of pears, W. P. Atherton; open air grapes, S. A. Miller; cranberries, Moulton & Wellman.

FANCY WORK—Silk quilt, 1st, Mrs. Hannah Procter; 2d, Grace P. Hunt; bed spread, 1st, Emma F. Smiley, Riverside; 2d, Mrs. P. O. Vickery; afghan, 1st, Miss Carrie M. McKenney; 2d, Mae E. Morlen; rug, 1st, Mrs. Ada Heath; 2d, Mrs. A. A. Sampson; sofa pillow, 1st Clara Libbey; 2d, Alice M. Whitney; lambrequin, Miss Vinnie R. Williams; table cover, Mrs. O. O. Stetson; lamp scarf, 1st, Mrs. W. E. Bigelow; 2d, Alice A. Russell.

DOMESTIC WORK—Mittens, Mrs. John Duncan; slippers, Mary E. Duncan.

NEEDLE WORK—Towel, Cora C. Jewett.

MISCELLANEOUS—Silk cocoons, Mrs. Augustine, Hallowell; autumn leaves, Mrs. H. A. Rand.

MAINE STATE COLLEGE. The class of '90, the Maine State College Seniors, chose the following officers in their class meeting:

President—G. H. Babb.
Vice President—Miss A. Webb.
Secretary—C. J. Wallace.
Treasurer—W. E. Crawford.
Ex-Committee—A. W. Drew, John Bird, 2nd, V. J. Pierce.

The following were elected to take class parts:

Orator—J. B. Hackett.
Prophet—E. H. Kelley.
Valedictorian—C. C. Harvey.
Poet—L. H. Jones.
Address to Undergraduates—E. F. Heath.
Odist—G. M. Pillsbury.
Marshal—H. Blackington.
Historian—E. L. Dorey.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. The oldest association in the State, the Bowdoinham Baptist Association, held its session at Fayette last week. Large numbers were present and they were very hospitably entertained by the good people of the town.

Items of Maine News.

John C. Hills, a prominent shipbuilder at Warren, years ago, died Wednesday, aged 70 years.

Hon. E. R. Parkhurst has put in a ferry on the Aroostook river to connect with his starch factory.

The grand jury in the Supreme Judicial Court for York county reported twenty indictments.

Mr. Pitman, an old and honored citizen of Bangor, is dead, in his 76th year. He was many years in the lumber business.

Lieut. C. L. F. Howe, the temperance lecturer, is putting in a few weeks work for the cause in Aroostook.

Miss Lillie Anderson of Richmond, died suddenly in the waiting room at the Kennebec Steamboat wharf at Bath, Monday, of heart disease.

A number of men are at work in the Van Buren Starch Factory making preparations for the fall work which will begin in a few days.

The first of the Bucksport fleet of bankers to come in this year has arrived, and all the reports about scarcity of fish are verified.

A Bath bull dog suddenly became frenzied Sunday, attacking a horse, badly lacerating the animal. The dog was finally killed. It is feared he was mad.

By the crossing of an electric wire, the Western Union Telegraph office at Bangor was wrecked, the whole building scorched by fire, and drenched with water.

Lucius Loring, Esq., of Buckfield, aged ninety-two, the most of his life a resident of that town and honored as one of the most upright of men, died Monday.

Charlie Parker, nine years old, fell from a wharf to the deck of a tug boat, twenty-five feet, at Calais, Tuesday. He sustained probably fatal injuries.

The farmhouse and outbuildings of Capt. James Holt, of Woolwich, were burned Thursday night. The loss will amount to $1,500. The family is now living in Boston.

North Berwick is to have a new industrial establishment. John E. Hobbs is soon to build in the vicinity of his steam mill a factory 40x80, three stories high, for the manufacture of his patent hub-runners.

Smith & Lovejoy, West's Mills, have in the process of construction a very powerful water wheel which is to furnish power for their new circular saw mill and other machinery connected therewith.

The Ellsworth shoe factory now employs about sixty hands. It is not expected that a full working force will be employed this year, as the machinery necessary for such a number will not be in place before another year.

Some party broke into the cellar at the farm house of Charles Holden at Moose River, and stole a quantity of butter and other articles of food, one night last week, while the family were at tea. The thieves have been spotted.

The following patents have been issued to citizens af Maine: Rudolph Dodge, Portland, dress form. Arthur D. Hamlin, Portland, hoof pad. Neil H. Harding, Baldwin, two patents for washing machine. Emerson K. Wilson, Cherryfield, bag holder.

George W. Sullivan who died at Bangor, Friday night, was a well know horseman and at the time of his death was possessed of the trotters Lady Rockville, Orator Hegley, also several head of promising animals, among them a beautiful Nelson filly.

The store of A. Wetherbee at Lincoln was broken into Saturday morning. The safe was blown and $70 in cash and several revolvers were stolen. Officers are in pursuit of the burglars. There is much excitement over the affair.

The dwelling on Broad St., Auburn owned by C. I. Bearce and occupied by Thomas Wood and Samuel Lufkin, took fire around the chimney Tuesday morning and was burned. The loss is $5,000, and insurance $1,500. Wood and Lufkin lost a part of their furniture, but it was insured.

Rice K. Smith of Waterborough, against whom an indictment of murder was returned was arraigned at Alfred, Tuesday. He pleaded not guilty. Benjamin F. Hamilton and Charles S. Hamilton of Biddeford, were appointed counsel by the court. The trial will be on Thursday, October 3.

The Hill Bros., Harmony, are doing a thriving business in manufacturing toy wheelbarrows, a large shipment of which was recently sent to a Boston firm. With an excellent water-power and ample machinery they are enabled to carry on a prosperous business.

The Italian who was shot by Policeman Hughes, at Portland, remains in about the same condition at the Maine General hospital. Only one bullet has been removed from his body, leaving two which are still embedded in his flesh. He is by no means out of danger.

The Maine Granite Improvement Co., Smithfield, has a contract with parties in South Gardiner for about five hundred car loads of rough stone for the foundation to a pulp mill. This company has also introduced a steam drill in their Dodlin quarry by which they can drill about fifty feet of hole in one day.

The house of A. L. Rand of Stetson, burned recently. The fire is thought to to have caught from a fire built in the arch for butchering purposes. Mr. Rand was about to build a new house, and had the most of his lumber all ready and packed in the sheds which were burned. He lost a nice, large stable last year.

A party who went out a coon hunting the other morning succeeded in capturing one on the side of Dodlin at Smithfield, among the rocks, whose skins from tip of nose to end of tail measured four feet and whose weight was twenty-six pounds. He succeeded in vanquishing two dogs and would have made his escape had it not been for the two men who were with him.

A Frenchman, who lives a few miles above Van Buren, was on Thursday, severely gored by an enraged bull while in the act of leading the animal to water. Had it not been for the prompt assistance of several men who were threshing grain in a neighboring barn, it is probable the man would have been killed. As it was his face was terribly lacerated and besides he received other injuries.

Critchett & Sibley's shoe factory at Belfast, will shut down for a week next November, and an addition eight feet wide and 108 in length will be built on Pleasant street. The factory now employs nearly 300 hands, and turns out from sixty to one hundred cases daily. The proprietors intend building another extension in the spring, making it the largest shoe factory in Eastern Maine.

Friday morning on entering the room of Albert A. Osborn of Belfast, who has been boarding at the Arlington House for some weeks past, Mr. Miller, the landlord, found him stretched dead on the floor. A half emptied bottle of laudanum on the table near by showed the means of his death. He left a letter to his only brother, Alderman G. T. Osborn, stating the cause of his suicide was family troubles.

Judge Smith of Presque Isle, who was absent all last week, laying out the work for the surveying parties on the Madawaska lands, returned Saturday. He reports that about 1000 acres are already been surveyed and about 30,000 remain to be surveyed. He was much impressed with the country around Fort Kent, and indorsed the opinion of Joel Bean that the land is destined to be a great sporting resort.

Letters from Brunswick, Georgia, report the death by drowning of Henry Kalloch, late of St. George, Me., mate of the schooner Josephine Ellicher, of Thomaston, from New York for Brunswick. When eight or ten miles from St. Simon's Island, Kalloch who was forward, getting the anchor ready for use, fell overboard. A line was promptly thrown him, but he paid no attention and sank immediately. It is thought he struck the anchor in falling. Mr. Kalloch's wife died one year ago. He leaves a child about three years of age.

Jesse Wentworth Payson died at his home at Hyde Park, Mass., last week, aged 74. As chief author of the Payson, Dunton and Scribner copy-books his name is known over the entire country. He was one of the best penmen in the world. He originated the lithograph copy for common school writing-books, the use of which became general from 1861 to 1877. He was a member of the faculty at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, and received many medals in his life for superior work with the pen. He was a native of Hope, Maine.

A very quiet wedding took place in Plymouth, Penobscot county, recently, the groom being Mr. Peter Bennett, well known throughout Maine as the victim of the assault and robbery of nearly two years ago, and now nearly 80 years of age. The bride was the widow of William Downs, who was well known throughout that community as a patent churn inventor, and who died about a year ago, leaving the widow with a farm encumbered with a mortgage, which farm has recently been lifted by Peter Bennett and the twain are now made one.

Thursday night an officer in Portland, Mr. Hughes, arrested an unknown Italian for disturbing the water works. The man was drunk and disorderly. Hughes had nearly reached the station with him and when the Italian drew a knife and stabbed the officer, cutting him five times on the left arm. The officer used his club but the Italian clung to his knife and attempted to again stab Hughes who then drew his revolver and fired three times. One of the bullets entered the man's abdomen and the others passed through the fleshy parts of his legs. The plucky officer handcuffed his prisoner and went to the station to report the affair. The Italian was brought in by the officers. The policeman's wounds are not dangerous but three of the cuts are somewhat deep, the other two being several inches long, the Italian's wounds are glancing blows. The Italian's wounds are reported by the physicians to be dangerous. His chances are slim. He was removed to the hospital. The man's first name is Alexander. His last name could not be obtained. He has been working in Seccarappe.

Items of General News

Corp. Tanner's successor has not yet been appointed.

Louis Maas of Boston, famed in the old world and the new as a pianist and composer, is dead.

Elizabeth S. McClellan, mother of the late Gen. George B. McClellan, died at Philadelphia, Wednesday, aged 90 years.

Fire broke out on the Providence line freight boat Nashua, Saturday morning, and did $10,000 worth of damage.

The mammoth publishing house of Ballford, Clark & Co. at Chicago, has failed. A large fire and the failure of many customers, was the cause.

At the election in Paris, Monday, there was a small majority for the government. The Chamber will probably consist of 360 Republicans and 201 opposition.

Thirty young people went into the country on a picnic near Erie, Pa., Sunday. The driver was intoxicated and drove over a bank forty feet in height injuring all badly and two cannot live.

Professor George H. Cook, L. L. D., Ph. D., State geologist of New Jersey, died at the residence of the Rutger College campus, New Brunswick, N. J., Sunday, from heart disease.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows which has been in session at Columbus, Ohio, has decided that no one can be an Odd Fellow at the age of 18.

Ex-Policeman McDonald of Chicago, was shot and killed by his wife Saturday morning. She accused him of taking $13 she had pinned to the inside of her skirt, and a quarrel ensued, when she drew his revolver and fired three shots, all taking effect.

A poor fellow in New York city, climbed on an awning to adjust something, when he slipped and fell upon a network of electric wires, killing him instantly. His head was burned in a horrible manner. The red-hot wires buried themselves deeply into his flesh.

The renowned author and novelist, Wilkie Collins, died in London, Monday. He was one of the best known and most popular English writers, both in England and America, and his death will cause general regret wherever his works are familiar. He had great popularity with English-speaking nations. He was born in 1824.

The Pacific Express Company was robbed of $10,000 at Bolton, Texas, Thursday night. The Missouri, Kansas & Texas train on which the money was, arrived at 2.30 a. m., and, it being customary to do so, the money was left in the safe in the box car used for express purposes. The car was entered through the window in the end of the car and the safe unlocked.

A daring robbery occurred at Hurley, Wisconsin, Friday. Over $40,000 were taken from the vault in the Iron Exchange bank. The cashier put the money inside the iron vault and left about 9 o'clock. A light was left burning in the office. A few minutes after nine, a man was seen working at the safe, but he had on the cashier's office coat, and nothing was thought of it by those who passed the bank.

A tornado of great violence passed over Pablo Beach, Jacksonville, Fla., Monday night. It struck the Murray Hall, an immense beach hotel, and tore the roof from the main structure and towers and burst in the windows and doors on the west side, and left it in a shattered condition. Prince O'Neil, a boy 13 years old, was standing by a horse and buggy. The horse, vehicle and boy were lifted into the air and blown nearly 200 feet. The boy was killed outright. A freight car on the side track was blown from its rails, turned over twice and landed north of the main track, 60 feet distant. The damage to Murray Hall and surroundings is roughly estimated at $10,000. The tornado covered an area not over 75 feet in its revolutions.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific suburban passenger train, which left the main depot at Chicago, at 5.35 p. m. Tuesday, for Long Island, was crashed into by a freight train at the Lake Shore and Pan Handle crossing, near Seventh street, Englewood. The passenger train was at a stand still, one coach projecting over the crossing. Into this coach, containing about 60 persons, plunged the freight train, travelling rapidly. The wreck of the passenger coach was instant and complete. Five persons were killed. The engineer of the freight train failed to shut off steam. The steam box was blown out by the shock. Not a person was killed by the force of the shock, every life being solely attributable to scalding steam. The dead were found literally roasted, the flesh dropping from their hands and limbs..

The province of Kil, in the southwestern part of Japan, has been visited by the greatest disaster in the history of the country. Probably more than 15,000 people have been killed, several towns have been wiped completely off the face of the earth, and others have been nearly demolished. The catastrophe was occasioned by floods in the western part of the province, and by the crumbling of a mountain, which buried the villages under a huge mass of rocks and earth in the eastern districts. The early part of August was remarkable for its rains and the rapid rise of rivers, which soon became alarming. The banks of the Kinogawa river, a stream over 100 miles in length, broke near the town of Yokohama on the 19th, and a mountain of water like that which swept through the Conemaugh valley when the dam above Johnstown broke, rushed out upon the fields and towns, wrecking houses, bridges, fences, temples and all things in its path. In this district 200 houses were carried away and 5,000 ruined by the water, leaving 30,000 people dependent upon local officials for food. Lower down the embankments of Hidakagawa were also destroyed, flooding cultivated fields and adjacent towns. Out of 60 houses at Wakonomura but two remain standing, and more than 50 people lost their lives. An official of the Nipimura district says that who arrived at Wakayama on the evening of Aug. 22, reports that at about 4 P. M. on the 9th, an inroad of water took place at Tanabemachi, and in a few moments, floors of buildings in the vicinity were covered. Many houses in the district were carried away, and about 300 persons are said to have lost their lives. All villages within an extent of 10 miles are more or less submerged. In Chorahbomura several hundred houses were washed away, leaving only 11 buildings standing. Many persons are reported to have lost their lives in this district also.

FIVE HARVEST EXCURSIONS. The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., will sell, on Tuesdays, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Half Rates* to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Editor Maine Farmer: The greatest race ever trotted here was trotted Saturday; Greeley's Hambletonian Knox, 2.28; J. P. Wheelock's Octavia, 2.26¾; Phenice's Ned B., 2.26; J. L. Ellingwood's Black Crook, 2.34¾:

Hambletonian Knox	1	1	1
Black Crook	2	2	2
Ned B.	3	3	3
Octavia	4	4	4

Time—2.31¾, 2.33¾, 2.34¾.

Machias. A SUBSCRIBER.

WEST MINOT POULTRY YARD. This yard is owned by L. T. Millett of West Minot. He makes B. P. Rocks, Silver Laced Wyandottes and White Wyandottes a specialty. He has also first class S. C. White and Brown Leghorns. He is always successful in winning prizes; he sent some to the Eastern Maine State Fair at Bangor this year, and received some eight premiums. He was at Lewiston all through the State Fair, and had a fine lot of birds there and carried off the prizes as usual. He sold a prize bird at a fancy price to S. W. Porter of Maple Row Farm, Houlton. One who likes to see fancy poultry should visit his yard and have a chat with him; he is always pleased to see those interested in poultry.

"Six Hundred and Eleven Hints and Points for Sportsmen" is the title of a new manual of field sports and camp life, now in the press of the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., of New York, and to be issued immediately.

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR. Governor Burleigh made the following nominations Friday:

Commissioner to inquire into the System of Taxation in other states and this State of—Samuel J. Anderson, Portland.

Inspector of Dams and Reservoirs—Hiram P. Farrow, Belmont, (P. O., East Belmont.)

Agent to Prevent Cruelty—Charles R. Clark, Eden, (P. O., Bar Harbor.)

To solemnize marriages, take acknowledgments of deeds and administer oaths—Sarah H. Fairfield, Saco.

Dedimus Justice—Edward F. Goodwin, Skowhegan.

Commissioner of wrecks and shipwrecked goods—Daniel Deasy, Gouldsboro, Geo. H. Blake, Portland.

Notary Public—George B. Kenniston, Boothbay, Arthur S. Littlefield, Rockland, John W. Dana, Gardiner, Samuel W. Lane, Augusta.

Trial Justices—Harry M. Briggs, Houlton, William F. Bruce, Gouldsboro, (P. O. Prospect Harbor,) Edgar Whidden, Calais. Fish and Game Wardens—Joel M. Allen, Westbrook, Llewellyn Norton, Farmington, W. M. Cyr, St. John Plantation.

Justices of the Peace and Quorum—Charles W. Bosworth, Oldtown, George F. Calef, Saco, Alden B. Farrington, Holden, Levi Greenleaf, Lewiston, John W. Hubbard, Brownfield, A. K. P. Knowlton, Lewiston, Matthew Laughlin, Bangor, Albert F. Matthews, Searsport, Appleton Webb, Waterville.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Sept. 24, 1889.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
Gilnes & Weston,	17	4	
W. W. Hall,	20	200	16
E. D. Doble,		191	
P. Wilson,			20
Taylor & Dennison,	7	31	
Trafton & McIntire,	38	19	
J. H. Gilman,	9	460	19
J. T. Weller,			
J. J. Walker,	13	500	19
B. F. Blaisdell,		230	
A. P. Libby,			
F. L. Libby,	10	10	
P. A. Libby,	10	10	
P. W. Thompson,	23	4	
B. M. Richardson,	9	9	

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 4486; sheep, 11,757; hogs, 23,140; veals, 842; horses, 434.

FROM MAINE.

149 cattle, 1511 sheep, 133 veals, 98 horses. 2372 head of fine western steers have been loaded on ocean steamers for Europe, from the port of Boston. 20,000 head from all American ports, with prices very much lower; late reports put the decline at ¾ to 1c per lb. dressed weight.

MARKET CHANGES.

Home fed cattle, no change in price; western steers are said to be a little stronger. Best oxen go for 6c, although there are cattle ripe enough to bring 6½c dressed weight.

Sheep and lambs—A good healthy demand noted, at unchanged prices, 6c being the top for best heavy lambs, and 4c for fat sheep; light goods at lower rates.

Hogs—A big run at an unchanged valuation on the western thousands. J. P. Squire is slaughtering 2000 head per day. Country hogs bring 5 to 5½c here to-day.

Veal calves hold their position, and will average in value per head with yearlings; top price, 6c, so down to 4c live weight.

Milch cows—Market overrun; some left over from last week; yet there is a fair speculative trade, and prices are sustained. Range is wide, $15 to $65.

Horses—Market reported quiet, and trade slack, tending to lower prices. Range for sound, young western horses, $100 to $200.

Poultry moves along in the same old notch of the steelyards, 10c being the popular price for mixed lots in crates, alive.

Working oxen and store cattle—More inquiry noted, but low bids are the order of the day.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

B. F. Blaisdell sold his sheep at 3¾c; lambs at 4½c, dressed weight. J. T. Weller sold at 4c for sheep, averaging 120 lbs.: lambs, 5¼c, that averaged 70 lbs. A. P. Libby sold his Madawaska sheep and lambs at 3½c for the sheep, 5c for the lambs; sheep weighed 80 lbs. each, lambs, 58 lbs. Gilnes & Weston sold 5 steers, that averaged to weigh 1150 lbs., at 3¼c live weight. P. Wilson sold lambs at 5c, sheep at 4¼c. Trafton & McIntire sold 9 steers, 1400 lbs. each, at 4½c live weight; 12, 1300 lbs., at 3½c; 2 good springers at $90; 2 at $82; 29 veals at 5½c. W. W. Hall sold 3 yoke at $3 per head; 13 that averaged 140 lbs., at 6c; 2 new milch cows at $85 the pair; 8 steers that averaged to weigh 1150 lbs., at 3¼c live weight. The Libby Company sold veals at 5¾c; 15 cows for $562.50, the lot.

REMARKS.

It is said that one farm product sympathizes with another. If corn and feed are low, it may affect hay. But this does not hold true in the beef and mutton markets, a review of which shows some peculiar features. One year ago the State Show cattle were sold at 9c per lb. dressed weight; to-day the best bid for these fine, ripe, nice shaped animals is 6¼c dressed weight, and an indifference shown on the part of the butchers at paying that price. They say they can buy a corresponding grade of western steers at a lower price. Mr. H. C. Burleigh, who is here this week trying to make sale of his fine show team, says we cannot put the idea too strong that the beef question has a dark look, and is discouraging in the extreme. One year ago the best lambs were worth 5¼c live weight, while to-day they bring 5c, and in the face and eyes of the low price of beef and pork. Veal, which is unusually plenty for this season of the year, is quick at 6c, if choice and fat. In other words, a pair of best oxen that will dress 2600 lbs. can be sold off $75 in the last year; and a lamb that will weigh 70 lbs. has risen in market price 50c, which, to say the least, is a curious condition of things, which time will no doubt take account for, there being no scarcity in any line of the above live stock, but a fearful over-production of the beef supply. Annihilation of the bison, and their immense grazing ground on the western plains being filled up with cattle that are breeding rapidly, in a country where winter feeding is unknown, has proved to be not quite the blessing that it first seemed. It ruined those who started the enterprise of growing cattle in a wild state in the west, but it has devastated all of our eastern cattle interests, while it supplies the millions of beef eaters in the Old World and the New, with a fine article at a low price. It has brought ruin both in Europe and American, to the small farmer who is obliged to abandon a pursuit which he once found to be the fertility of the farms; and the end is not yet. Unless some unforeseen calamity befalls the herds of cattle in the west, it will be a long time before higher prices than the present are realized on beef product. We must learn to meet the inevitable, and choose new operations; one of which to-day's market would encourage most is sheep husbandry. J. C. LIBBY.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Sept. 24, 1889.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. Sales on this market of fine fresh creamery butter were made yesterday at 25 cents per pound in round lots to the trade. This was for a well known fancy brand. Other fresh Western of the highest grade sold readily at 23 to 24 cents, with demand larger than the supply. Shipments known to be on the way are engaged at 23 to 25 cents, and this is the established rate for fine fresh table butter. Grocers have been buying small lots at 24 to 26 cents, and the brand which was jobbed last week in small packages at 26 cents is now worth 27 cents. For the next fresh best grades there has been a fair demand at 20 to 23½ cents, and a good deal of butter just under extra has been disposed of at 22 cents. Ice house stock may be quoted at 19 to 21 cents, if solid and sweet, but if oily it goes lower. Cold storage from 14 to 17 cents are plentiful, and holders are not disposed to refuse any reasonable bid. Low grades from 12 to 13 cents are also in liberal supply and dull. No special mention has been made of northern or eastern creamery because these are generally held for the jobbing trade, but they now run about even with fancy western. Dairy butter is not much in favor with the trade because the quality is not uniform and cannot be depended upon. If fine enough, selections would demand 21 cents and over, but sales generally range much lower, say from 14 to 16 cents.

A further rise in cheese is reported in the country, where prices still keep above the parity of rates on the seaboard, and the market all through has a strong tone. The sales here have been at 9¾ to 10 cents for Northern extra in singles and 10¼ to 10¾ cents for twins. For lots to arrive about ½ cent more must be paid, and a few sales were made yesterday at 10¼ cents for singles. Fancy twins now cost 10¾ cents laid down here. Ohio flats were in good request yesterday at 9¼ cents per pound, and a higher figure must soon be paid.

The bean market has ruled quiet with no material change in prices, if we except the drop in yellow eyes, which are now ready to sell at over $2 50 per bushel. Choice large pea and mediums rule at $2 20 to $2 25 per bushel, and small pea at $2 40 to $2 50. Foreign are in fair supply, and take a range of from $1 50 to $2 20 per bushel.

Eggs have ruled at about same prices all the week, with a good demand. Western sold at 18 to 20 cents, Provincial at 19 to 20 cents, Michigan at 20 to 21 cents and Eastern 21 to 23 cents per dozen. Ice house stock 17 to 18 cents.

Receipts of potatoes have run light and prices are advanced. Houlton hebrons sold at 70 to 75 cents, and other hebrons at 65 to 70 cents. The best rose ruled at 65 to 70 cents, and others at 55 to 60 cents.

Fancy apples, such as gravensteins and Harveys command $2 50@$3 per barrel, but for most of the other kinds $1 85@$2 25 is a top rate.

FLOUR, GRAIN, HAY AND MILLFEED. There is still a good trade in flour, with the market steady to a little firmer. The quotations for this market are: Fine, $2 @2 25 per bbl.; super, $2 50@3 35; extra and second, $3@4 35; Michigan roller, $4 25@4 50; winter wheat, straight and roller, $4 25@4 85; winter patents, $4 75@5 50; spring patents, prime, $5 20@5 35; spring patents from old wheat, $5 60@5 15.

Cornmeal is dull, with the market at the reduced quotation noted yesterday. Oatmeal is quiet and unchanged. Both rye and rye flour are quiet, without change in quotations.

Corn is easy, though, perhaps, with a little more activity. Steamer yellow and high mixed both sold in several instances at 46c. The quotations are: High mixed, 46@46¼c; steamer yellow, 46c; steamer mixed, 45@45½c; no grade, 44c for good, with off lots as to quality.

Oats are easy and in the way offeatures. No sales were noted. The closing call showed: Cash, 30¼c bid, no offers to sell; September, 30½c bid, no offers to sell; October, 30½c bid, no offers to sell; year, 30¾c bid, 31¼c asked. The spot market is quiet and unchanged at: No 1 white and barley oats, 32¼@33¼c; fancy, 34@36c; No. 2 white oil, 33c; new, 30@32c; No. 3 white, 28@28½c; low grades, 27@28c.

In the hay market there is not much change to note. Strictly choice old hay is scarce and commands $19@20 per ton. For the best new hay $18 is a full price, and ordinary grades range from $14@$16 per ton. Hay in large bales is worth more than in small bundles. Rye straw is in light receipt, and choice is selling at $16 50@$17 per ton.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25.

APPLES—Evaporated, 5@6c per lb.; dried 4c; green apples 40@60c per bushel.

BEANS—Pea beans $2 50; Yellow Eyes $3 25@3 50.

BUTTER—Good Firkin 15c; Ball Butter 15@18c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic 9@10c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—20@22c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $5 50@6 50; Patent 6 50@7 00.

GRAIN—Corn 55c; oats 45c; barley 75c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $12@14; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 3½c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 4c; bulls and stags, 3½c; calf skins, 5@6c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 7½@8½c.

MEAL—Corn 50@55; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 00 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 7@7½c; ham 13@13c; chickens 13@ 15c; fowls 12c; mutton 7c; lambs 9@10c; veals 6@7c; turkeys 13@13c; round hog 6c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 50c per bushel; cabbages, 1c; squash, 2c; new beets, 60c per bu.; turnips, 60c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25.

APPLES—Eating, per bbl., $3.00@3.75; cooking, $2.25; evaporated, 6½@7c per lb.

BUTTER—16@17 for choice family; creamery, 22@24c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 50@2 65; Yellow Eyes, $3 25@3 50.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 10@11c; N. Y. Factory, 10@11.

FLOUR—Superfine, $4 15@4 75; Spring X and XX, $4 50@6 00; Roller Michigan, $5 00@5 12; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 75@6 00.

FISH—Cod Shore, $4 50@4 75; bank, $4 00@4 50; Scaled herring per box, 30@ 35c; Mackerel per bbl, shore 1s, $26 50@ 28 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 50@51; oats, 36@37c; cotton seed, car lots, $25 00@ 25 50; cotton seed, bag lots, $26 00@27 00; sacked bran, car lots, $16 00@17 50; sacked bran, bag lots, $18 00@19 00; middlings, car lots, $18 00@20 00; middlings, bag lots, $19 00@21 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6¾@7¾c per lb; per tub, 6¾@7¼c; pail, 7@10c.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 14@16c; chickens, 15 @17c; turkeys, 19@20; eggs, 20@21c; potatoes, 65@70c per bush.; extra beef, $8 75 @9 25; pork backs, $14 00@14 50; clear, $13 50@14 00; hams, 11½@12c; covered, 13@13½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25.

APPLES—$1 50@2 00 per bbl.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 85@3 00 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 25@2 65.

BUTTER—Best, 17@18c per lb.; fair to good, 15@16c.

EGGS—16@17c per doz.

CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 10½@11c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 10½@11c.

GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 35@38c per bushel.

HAY—$9@10 per ton; best bales, $12@13

CORN—53@53c; meal, 40@45c.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 35@40c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 6½@7c. Chicken, 25c; Fowl per lb., 12@15c; Turkeys, 20c.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 24, 1889.

Amount of live stock at market—Cattle 317, Sheep on Wednesday, 3405, Swine 210, Veals 95, Horses 170; number of Western Cattle 317.

Prices of beef Cattle ranged from $5 to 4.75 per 100 lbs. for butchers' Cattle; poor grades sell at 3½ to 4 cents per lb. this week. There were none in market for sale to butchers. There will be a fair supply of Milch Cows and Store Cattle in market for the next few days. Most of the Beef Cattle from the West were owned by butchers, costing a trifle higher than those of the week previous, the best Cattle costing 4¾ to 5 cents per pound live weight.

Prices for Hides, Tallow and Skins remain unchanged.

Sheep and Lambs—Those in market were all consigned to butchers to slaughter. Prices were unchanged from those noted one week ago.

Swine—Small pigs sell at $1 to $5 each, or from 5 to 6 cents per lb. live weight.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24.

CATTLE—Receipts 9000; shipments 3500; strong for good, others lower; choice to extra steers, $4 75@5 40; stockers and feeders at 1 90@3 10; cows, bulls and mixed 1 60@2 85; Texas cattle, 1 50@3 00; Western rangers 2 00@3 85.

HOGS—Receipts 1,800; shipments 7000; strong and 5@10c higher; mixed at 3 00@4 40; heavy at 3 75@4 25; light at 4 00@4 75; skips at 3 50@4 20.

SHEEP—Receipts 9000; shipments 2000; steady but weak; natives at 3 52@4 50; Western at 3 50@4 45; Texans 3 60@4 15; lambs 4 50@5 90.

A STORY OF THE SEA. Thursday morning, during a heavy squall, at about 10 o'clock, the schooner Aroostook, Capt. Alfred Bradford, while 70 miles southeast of Matinicus, passed the schooner G. L. Cotter, of St. John, N. B., in a bad condition, but as the Cotter took no signals of distress flying, the Aroostook kept on her way. There was unusually high sea running and the vessel labored considerably.

After proceeding about two miles distress signals were seen in the rigging of the Cotter, which almost immediately rolled over on its beam's end. Capt. Bradford then wore his vessel around and, in spite of the terrible wind and waves, headed for the wreck. As his vessel neared the Cotter, Capt. Bradford called out for volunteers to man the boat and go to the rescue of the men who were seen struggling in the rigging.

The gale howled through the rigging, and the vessel rose and fell on the gigantic billows that dashed against her side with terrific force, and for a second's time no one responded, although time was precious.

Brave George M. Colson, of Bucksport, during a momentary lull in the gale rebounded with a cheery: "Here's one for you, Capt. Bradford," and sprang for the boat. His companions hesitated. They looked into the boiling waters, which foamed and boiled under their bows, and as they gazed into their deep, green depths, and watched the waves dash high over the doomed vessel, they felt that they could not follow Colson's brave trains.

Capt. Bradford, therefore, stepped into the boat with Colson, and as the yawl swung clear of the vessel's side, the two men pulled away from the stricken vessel and from safety, across the raging waters to the wreck, where death was lurking.

The seamen in the rigging, clinging with a strength born of desperation, watched the progress of their little boat, as she slowly drew near to them, impelled by the stout oars of ash upon which the strength of those two life savers were being exerted, in their noble effort to rescue their unfortunate brothers. At last, by superhuman efforts they reached the lee side of the wreck, which had partially righted. There were four men in the rigging.

The vessel had been lumber-laden, and her deck load was floating about in the vicinity, making the progress of the rescuers one filled with additional danger.

The boat dropped up under the stern of the wreck, and one after another of the seamen made his way with difficulty to the side of the vessel and dropped into the boat which was caught by Capt. Bradford and drawn into the yawl.

The names of the men who were saved are Joseph Smith, of Malta, the mate of the Cotter; James S. Bascom, of St. John, N. B., James Fagin, of Liverpool, Eng.; and John Hansen, of Norway.

The yawl then turned back on its course to the vessel, and another heroic struggle they reached the Aroostook, and a line was thrown them. The work of getting on board consumed another hour, and the life savers and the crew of the wrecked vessel were all almost exhausted after their long struggle buffeting the waves.

The vessel was then put on her course once more and several hours later her anchor dropped in the harbor of Rockland and the voyage was over. The crew in the meantime had told their story.

Mate Smith said, "The Cotter had been leaking badly for two days and the pumps were working poorly. The captain had his wife with him and the poor woman, although badly frightened, said she was not afraid. She was very brave and uttered no murmur nor complaint. The captain refused to signal for assistance or allow the deck load, which had shifted badly, to be thrown overboard. He was too confident of his ability to bring us into port, and he and his poor wife paid for his rashness with their lives. The captain's wife was in the after cabin, but just as the vessel rolled over we burst in the door, and she was released. Just previous to capsizing, the captain and wife, who were standing with their arms around each other, were washed into the sea. I shall never forget the look of despair on the face of that poor woman," said the mate, as he brushed away a tear with a hand rough and horny from exposure. "They succeeded in getting on to some of the floating deckload, but a great wave came rolling against it, and then it passed, but one was there. It was the wife. The captain was struggling in the water, and sung out: 'Hold on tight, Nannie, good-bye,' and sank. A moment after and she, too, was lost to sight."

Captain Bradford and the crew came on shore, and Deputy Collector Mather wired the British vice-consul at Portland that the men were destitute, and then he took good care of them.

Farmers at East Raymond have got their sweet corn nearly all harvested, and report a large crop.

Items and Incidents.

Sarah Holland, a woman evangelist preaching among the negroes at Brunswick, Ga., distributes a load of watermelons free at the meetings. The crowds that go to hear her preach are enormous.

Peculiar

In the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in its good name at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, giving strength, and creating an appetite.

Philadelphia proudly boasts that she leads all the other cities in the country in that she has the greatest extent of territory; that she is the healthiest city, that she has more homes, the largest parks, the greatest charities, more miles of streets, etc., etc., etc. Ah, but what about her base ball club?

Rheumatism is caused by a poisonous acid in the blood and yields to Ayer's Pills. Many cases which seemed chronic and hopeless, have been completely cured by this medicine. It will cost but little to try what effect the Pills have in your case. We predict success.

Snow began falling on Mount Washington, Thursday morning, and fell to the depth of several inches. The summits near the Crawford House are white.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

The 16 monuments to the Gettysburg heroes, the majority of which were modelled and executed here, cost the State, with their setting and transportation, $25,000.

Rev. Mr. Kneeland Pray

was greatly mortified the other Sunday morning by a violent and uncontrollable fit of coughing in the midst of his sermon, but he was all right the following Sabbath, having cured his cold by the liberal use of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

The oldest Morse telegrapher in the world is J. D. Reid, the statistician of the Western Union Company at New York. Mr. Reid is 71 years of age, a Scotchman by birth, and is as cheerful and vigorous as a man 25.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

In her breach of promise suit against Charles Ray, Hannah Jeffreys, a Hartford domestic, said he was the seventh chap who had promised to marry her, and then went back on his word.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

The widow of a man named Napoleon Michel, who was choked to death by a piece of steak he was eating at Macdonald's Hotel at Scotstown, Can., has brought a suit for ten thousand dollars damages against the proprietor of the hotel.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The following Maine postmasters have been appointed: Amos C.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Brook.

TO MANCIA.

There's a busy brook that wanders
Through the meadow 'neath the hill;
O'er the dam it thunders madly
As it turns the busy mill;
Then it flows again more slowly,
Through a shady, mossy nook;
O, the castles that I've reared!
And the fairy ports I've neared,
As I sailed my tiny vessels in the brook.

There, when older, oft I wandered
With my rod, and line and flies;
In the busy brook to angle
And secure a speckled prize;
My first fish, her light step, frightened,
And sweet laughter woke the nook;
I forgot my fish and line,
As my arms would her entwine,
While I told the "Old, old story," by the brook.

She was sweet, and shy and winsome
But she said she'd be my wife;
That we'd ever walk together
On this up-hill road, of life;
So I built a tiny cottage
'Neath the trees in that old nook:
And she whispered she'd be mine,
In a voice almost divine,
In the little Gothic church, beside the brook.

We were wed; and were so happy!
O, how swiftly flew the hours!
There was sunshine,—there was shadow—
There was laughter—there were tears;
And our children played and frolicked
In the dear old shady nook;
And I neared their daily bread
In the mill whose wheel was fed
By the busy, rippling waters of the brook.

That is past; and she has left me—
Left me weary and alone;
Eyes grown dim, and step grown weary,
Hair to snowy whiteness given;
And my children all have wandered
Far away from the old nook;
I shall know no more of rest
'Till my spirit leaves my breast,
And I join her silent slumber by the brook.

MRS. CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thoughts.

I am sitting alone in the dusk,
Alone, in a distant land,
And not one friend is near me,
No one to talk to or cheer me,
With a word, or an out-stretched hand.

From the rooms below me come mirth,
There is music and bursts of glee,
But I am a stranger, unknown,
And not one's en indifferent tone
Nor a thought, is given to me.

And I do not blame them—why should I?
Why should they care for me?
My thoughts are turning to-night
To a scene that is always bright,
To my home across the sea.

I know that *there* they remember,
There they speak of the absent one.
So I banish my spirit of sadness,
And think of the future with gladness,
For I'm 'ere long going home.

CATHARINE.

Our Story Teller.

A TALE OF THE BULL-RING.

I was early in my seat, for I like, above all things, to see the motley crowd of sunburnt Spaniards come trooping to their national game. I was not in the *somera*, or shady seats, for I prefer to take my seat among the crowd, one of whom I am almost (now), and, moreover, what right has a penniless young artist to spend a dollar on a bull-fight?

How noisy and hot and dusty they all looked as they trooped in and took their seats around me! I was surprised at the crowd; there was no great matador going to kill bulls to-day, yet all the cheaper seats were filling.

I asked my neighbor, a peasant in a flat black hat, breeches, and highly decorated gaiters, and a bright waistcoat, and wearing his coat slung from the shoulders—

"Senor," I said, "can you tell me why so many people are here to-day?"

He looked at me for a moment with an expression of surprise.

"You do not know," he spoke with a strange Andalusian accent. "Sebastian will kill the bull."

"Sebastian?" I said. "Senor, do not think me ignorant, but I know no bull-fighter of that name."

He laughed.

"He has never killed a bull before; to-day is his first. He comes from this part; that is why every one is here." Then he added, "I will tell you his story. Sebastian is only a muleteer, who once a week drives a caravan of mules from his mountain village to this town. Once a week he comes with his burden of fruit. But he is poor; the mules are not his; he only works for another."

He paused for a moment, and he added—

"You are a stranger here?"

"Yes," I said. "I only arrived yesterday."

"Then you do not know Juanita—*La Bella Juanita*, we call her?"

He did not wait for me to answer his question, but continued:

"Every one falls in love with Juanita, and Sebastian, like the rest, did too. He prayed and besought her to marry him; but she is proud, and would not look at the humble muleteer. But after a time his handsome face and oft-repeated tale of love impressed her; so she told him she would marry him if he would kill a bull at to-day's fair. But hush! here she is."

I turned in the direction in which he was pointing, and gazed with undisguised admiration at one of the most lovely creatures it had ever been my lot to see. All eyes were fixed on her, yet she was as impassive as if she were alone and unseen. She was full of shades of hair—not uncommon among the Spaniards—was bound up high upon her head, and surmounted by a dark crimson rose, which held in its place her mantilla of black lace; her dress was open at the throat and neck, and showed a wonderfully chiselled throat; her arms, too, were bare from the elbow, and rivalled in exquisite whiteness and shape her neck; but what was of black lace, while loosely thrown over one shoulder was an embroidered shawl. It surprised me that one of her station should be so well dressed, though I soon saw by the proud that struck me so fiercely—it was those great grey eyes and dark lashes, the curved eyebrows, the aquiline nose, the perfect bow-shaped lips.

She took her seat amongst the common people, who made way for her on every side, but whom she entirely ignored. No sooner was she settled than she drew out a great fan of black lace, which she opened, and closed in regular monotony, leaning back with a weary look in her half-closed eyes and a smile on her brilliant lips.

It was time the bull-fight commenced, and already the impatient Spaniards were shouting and calling, but as yet the *gobernador* had not taken his seat in the box reserved for him, a magnificent one in the centre, and his was to be the first bull killed. I gazed at hap-hazard around the ring—what an anomaly it presented! Near me, but in the shade, were a lady and her two little girls, whom she was feeding on chocolates, and whose tiny hands were ready to clap the victorious matador. Behind and around me were the jaunting dusty crowd, amongst whom the boys had repassed the sellers of water with their shrill cry, "*Agua, agua, fresca*," and the venders of biscuits and nuts. Below in the arena, yellow sand, strewn with a miniature dentist; above, the sky. Suddenly the band commenced to play; I turned and saw that the administrator's box was no longer empty. A small man in a black coat and silk hat had taken his seat, surrounded by half a dozen officers in full uniform, and a lady or two. One by one the spears of the picadors were handed to —even two children with their mother cry "*Mas caballos!*"

Another is led in and killed. Then the bugle sounds, and the second part of the performance commences.

Two of the matadors stop to the side of the arena, leaving their cloaks, and taking in each hand a banderillo—a wooden stick about eighteen inches long, with a metal forked point, the whole covered with grey-colored paper and ribbons. They step into the centre of the ring, and poising themselves on tiptoe, holding the banderillos far above their heads at arm's length, face the bull. A moment the now furious beast pauses, then with a charge makes for one of his adversaries; for a second all is a cloud of dust, in which the advancing forms of bull and man are scarcely discernable; the next, the bull is bellowing round the ring with the points of the banderillo fast in his shoulders, and the banderillo is bowing and smiling unscath. There is no need for five-banderillos on this bull. Four times does he receive the sharp forked points, and four times does he miss his man.

The bugle sounds.

Sebastian, who up to now, has gazed in a careless way at the scene, steps forward, takes the sword and flag, and, with a gallant stride, marches to the administrator's box, where he swears to kill the bull.

There is a deafening cheer as he throws his hat amongst the people, to be held until he returns victorious—or dead.

I turned instinctively toward Juanita; she was leaning back in her seat, slowly fanning herself, her half closed eyes scarcely conveying even an expression of interest in the proceedings.

Sebastian faces the bull, the flag in his left hand, his eyes watching the beast's. His hand is as steady as a rock.

The bull charges; I drew a quick breath; Sebastian is all right; gracefully, with the ease of a practiced bull-fighter, he escaped the horns, which nearly touched the scarlet flag.

A cheer rings out from the crowd, bringing a flush to his cheek.

Again the bull charges, again and again; each time Sebastian is unscathed, but as yet he has no chance of killing the bull. He is facing it now; slowly he raises the sword—the point never trembles. For one second all is dust, the next I saw his manly form laid out full length in the sand.

Accustomed as I am to bull-fights, I shuddered.

"He is killed!" cry the people; "he is killed!" The bull never looks at him again, passing on to attack the cloak of one of the matadors. I gazed at Juanita once more. Her expression was not altered in the least degree; her fan mearly vibrates a little more quickly. I bated that woman.

A shout from the people recalls my attention. Sebastian has risen, picked up the sword and flag, and is facing the bull once more. There was silence in the ring like death. Again the the sword is raised, again all is dust, again a form lies prostrate in the sand—but this time it is the bull! Sebastian has killed it at one stroke, a feat seldom accomplished by even the masters of the art.

Never did I heard such a shout as rang through and through the building as Sebastian approached the *gobernador* and bowed. He is paler than ever, but a smile of victory lights up his lips. Then sword in hand, he turned, approached and faced Juanita, his dark eyes gazing into her face. Her expression is the same as ever; as he bows to her, she never alters a feature. There is no smile of encouragement, scarcely a sign of recognition; she plucks a rose, however, from her breast and throws it to him.

He stoops and picks it up, and, with his eyes fixed on hers, lifts it toward his lips —hesitates—throws it to the ground and tramples it under foot.

A deafening cheer arises from the crowd —cheer upon cheer.

I look for Juanita. She has left the ring.

Five minutes later, as Sebastian passed through the archway into the open air, still in his matador's garb and gold, a dagger was buried deep in his breast.

I saw Juanita do it, and it was the only time I ever saw her smile.

—More horses.

Choice Miscellany.

Lincoln's Time of Agony.

From Election to Inauguration.

That the period between his election and inauguration was one of anxiety to Mr. Lincoln everyone must know, but few are aware of the actual mental agony through which he was passing. He felt the necessity of rigidly repressing himself in the presence of politicians and casual visitors, and it was only in the ears of old and trusted companions that he ventured to unburden himself. Within this circle was Joseph Gillespie of Edwardsville. He was a lawyer, eminent in the practice of his profession, who had several terms as a legislator. In 1860 he was a strong Bell man, which then promised many years of honor and preferment. This promise was abundantly realized, for Mr. Gillespie, resolutely refusing all political honors under Lincoln administration, pursued his profession and rose to later eminence in the judicature of Illinois. He was of Irish antecedents, of genial wit and humor, full of anecdote and reparte; a man after Lincoln's own heart. To him, perhaps, more than to any other, did the great emancipator reveal the agony of his soul at that time. It was in compiling the memoirs of Judge Gillespie, for a publication which his unexpected death prevented, that the writer obtained the following notes. It was New Year's morning when Mr. Gillespie, having come to Springfield, called at the land office of Lincoln & Herndon, and there met Mr. Lincoln, who, surrounded by Cabinet-makers, said to him:

"Stay with me to-night. I can take no refusal. I have learned the value of one old friend by making many new ones."

That was a memorable night. There was little privacy left to the family at that time, and during tea, at which there was two other guests besides Mr. Gillespie, the ringing of the front doorbell was not infrequent during the evening. The President-elect was in consultation with a number of gentlemen who were urging the appointment of of some Illinoisan to a place in the Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln combatted the proposition as impolitic, saying that if his occupancy of the office of President could not command the undivided loyalty of Illinois, a member of his cabinet could not do it, adding that he never doubted the loyalty of his own State, and that it was the border States which were the objects of the greatest solicitude. It was near midnight before quiet fell upon the house. The family had retired, and Mr. Lincoln was left alone with his guest, an old-time friend. The fire was burning low, the lights were dimly burning, and the room where the two men sat. The scene, the associations, and surroundings, and the personality of the principal actor, even after the lapse of forty years, left the deepest impression upon the mind of the venerable judge, and even the skeleton-like history outlined in the notes dictated by him becomes vivid with his recollection of that strange night. Thus they run:

"I attempted to draw him into conversation relating to the past, hoping to divert him from the thoughts which were evidently distracting him. 'Yes, yes, I remember,' he would say to me in reference to old scenes or associations, but the old-time zest was not only lacking, but in its place was a gloom and despondency entirely foreign to Lincoln's character as I had learned to know it. I attributed much of this to his changed surroundings. He sat with his head lying upon his arms, which were folded over the back of his chair, as I had often seen him sit, or with his head leaning on his hand. There was no need for five-banderillos on this bull. Four times does he receive the sharp forked points, and four times does he miss his man.

The bugle sounds.

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Again the bull charges, again and again; each time Sebastian is unscathed, but as yet he has no chance of killing the bull. He is facing it now; slowly he raises the sword—the point never trembles. For one second all is dust, the next I saw his manly form laid out full length in the sand.

Accustomed as I am to bull-fights, I shuddered.

"He is killed!" cry the people; "he is killed!" The bull never looks at him again, passing on to attack the cloak of one of the matadors. I gazed at Juanita once more. Her expression was not altered in the least degree; her fan mearly vibrates a little more quickly. I bated that woman.

A shout from the people recalls my attention. Sebastian has risen, picked up the sword and flag, and is facing the bull once more. There was silence in the ring like death. Again the the sword is raised, again all is dust, again a form lies prostrated in the sand—but this time it is the bull! Sebastian has killed it at one stroke, a feat seldom accomplished by even the masters of the art.

Never did I heard such a shout as rang through and through the building as Sebastian approached the *gobernador* and bowed. He is paler than ever, but a smile of victory lights up his lips. Then sword in hand, he turned, approached and faced Juanita, his dark eyes gazing into her face. Her expression is the same as ever; as he bows to her, she never alters a feature. There is no smile of encouragement, scarcely a sign of recognition; she plucks a rose, however, from her breast and throws it to him.

He stoops and picks it up, and, with his eyes fixed on hers, lifts it toward his lips —hesitates—throws it to the ground and tramples it under foot.

A deafening cheer arises from the crowd —cheer upon cheer.

I look for Juanita. She has left the ring.

Five minutes later, as Sebastian passed through the archway into the open air, still in his matador's garb and gold, a dagger was buried deep in his breast.

I saw Juanita do it, and it was the only time I ever saw her smile.

—More horses.

Curious Things.

Transfusion of Blood.

A Strange Remedy Once in Repute.

The present discussions respecting the newly found elixir of Dr. Brown-Sequard recall to the mind what has been said and done during the last four centuries in regard to the direct transfusion of the blood, and the kindred therapeutic methods that prescribed blood-drinking and blood-bathing for the use of certain patients.

There are many legends of masculine and feminine tyrants who, in ancient times, tried, like Tiberius and others, to recover strength and health through drinking or bathing in the blood of young boys and girls they caused to be put to death. But the first authenticated case of attempted blood transfusion was in 1492, the year America was discovered. After Pope Innocent VIII. who suffered from a "poverty of blood" that caused him frequent faints and a continuous drowsiness, had been declared incurable by his six physicians, a cardinal asked them whether he could not be saved by having the blood of some strong individual transfused into his veins. The doctors answered that this might happen, but that, on account of possible consequences, the Pope's consent should first be obtained. The Pontiff consented, after having been told that the operation would consist in introducing into his veins the blood of a healthy person through the medium of a thin tube which would pump out the blood and introduce it instantly and painlessly in the vein, because the puncture of the vein would be very light, and very small also would be the extremity of the tube introduced into it. A strong and healthy boy, of the Campagna Romana, or country around Rome, was picked out, but the operation could not be accomplished. The doctors were not used to it. They tried uselessly with a second subject. A third one, a big fellow looking like a gladiator, offered himself. The blood flowed easily from his veins into the tube, and thence into the vein of the Pope. But the latter became alarmed and withdrew his arm suddenly, so that air entered the open vein. This is said to have caused his death. Such is the legend.

A few years later the same Cardinal who had advised this weird remedy for the Pope lay dying from a hemorrhage which nothing could stop. He caused a young Florentine boy to give him a portion of his blood, on payment of 4,000 scudi, or about $5,000, a pretty large sum for that time, yet not too dear, if the tale is to be trusted, since the Cardinal recovered, and lived for twenty years longer.

In the seventeenth century another Italian physician is said to have "operated" the transfusion of blood upon many patients, in particular upon a consumptive person, who "was bled at first in order to draw out all the bad blood." The result, says the chronicler of the time, was admirably satisfactory in this case, as in many others; all the patients recovered health and lived for many years, celebrating the marvellous physician.

Blood transfusion entered from that moment, for the time being, into the regular methods of medicine as then practiced; and doctors from France, Spain, Germany, went to Italy to study the system, while patients of wealth and of great renown caused themselves to be carried to Padua, Florence or Rome, where they consulted the great doctors. The selling of blood came to be a lucrative business.

In the middle of the eighteenth century they began to substitute, as being much preferable, the blood of bulls and oxen for that of men. This system never quite gone out, even in our days. But there are still some discrepancies respecting the best method of making the operation. Miguel Rosa, of Modena, was opposed to the school at Bologna, which claimed that the patient must be bled before being submitted to the transfusion of blood. Professor Rossi declared this to be a useless practicable, absurd and told Gertrude to forget such nonsense; she need not worry her brain about the workmen. But the days went on, so did Gertrude's spending go on with them.

"Just let Hays cut the flowers he don't really need, papa, and you get two or three of those boys that run the errands to give them now and then to the men when we are away."

"A pretty story for me to be giving my men bouquets!" said Mr. S.

Nevertheless, one day he did call Tim and Chips and Ben, three of the most reliable dock-boys in the yard, and sent them up to the great house on the boulevard with directions orders to carry out the wishes of Miss Gertrude.

Twice a week all that hot summer, as the tired workmen passed through the gates homeward, the three boys, with many a smile and joking word, "gave out" the bouquets for Miss Gertrude," and many a blessing from lips unused to blessing fell on the head of the child away by the sea.

Y People said those flowers worked wonders in that year, when the unfortunate strikes and uproar ran rife through the land, all was quietness and peace at the ship-yards. Perhaps there floated the sweet scents of the summer roses to quiet troubled hearts. The rich man himself learned the lesson as he watched the men start homeward with the bit of brightness they carried. He learned that all men, poor or lowly, rich or poor, can be helped to higher and nobler living.

Deceiving the Enemy.

In the spring of 1888 a pair of Arctic foxes took up their home on a Dakota farm. They dug several holes on a knoll in a wheat-field, and soon after four "kits" or young foxes arrived. Every day, while harrowing and sowing wheat in the field, a driving right, said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly; "now what has the cat got that the dog has'nt?"

"Kittens!" exclaimed the boy in the back row.

A teacher was endeavoring to find out the proficiency of her little friends in mental arithmetic, and took the following method of ascertaining what skill desired to know: "Now, children," she said, suppose I have two squash pies and divide one of them into 10 pieces and the other into 100 pieces, which would you rather have, a piece of the pie that was divided into 10 pieces or of that cut into 100 pieces?" There was as absolute hush for a moment and then a little girl answered timidly: "One of the 100 pieces!" "Why?" "Well, pleas, ma'am, I don't like squash pie."—*Boston Budget.*

A little three-year-old girl, near Bangor, went to church recently, for the first time, with one of the neighbors. After the services she came home, not stopping to Sabbath school. When asked by her mother about the service, she replied that the minister talked a long while, she singers sang, the organ played, and when church was out some stopped, probably to have a dance.

Young Folks' Column.

Mary and Rover.

"It's a very hot day, and I'm tired, you see, So, Rover, we'll both sit down under this tree: And if you could speak, I am sure you would say, 'All right's my dear mistress, beside you I'll stay.'

Now, Mary and Rover are very good friends: They are seldom apart, and he quite comprehends— At least so says Mary—whatever is said, As she sits there and talks, with her hand on his head.

And Rover looks up with a bright, eager eye; But a little quick bark is the only reply He can make to his mistress, who chatters away Of all she has done on this mild, summer day.

"I've got up quite early, and while it was cool Picked curtants for mother, then went off to school, Where I said all my lessons without missing one, And my needlework, also, was very well done.

"And now I've a secret to tell, Rover dear: 'Tis my birth-day to-day—little dog, do you hear? You bark—that means yes,—and you must make one, Of my party, good Rover, and join in our fun.

"Oh, don't lick my cheek! There! If you could talk, You would say it was time for another long walk; And I'll go very soon; for I'm tired, you see, And it's pleasant and shady here, under this tree."

The Touch of a Flower.

One, two, three, four! Mr. S., the ship builder, started from his seat at his office-table as the tall clock rang out the hour, closed the books that lay around him and crossed the room to an open window, through which the breeze from the river came up to cool the warm air. The noise of clinking iron and of workmen's calls floated up to him from the great shipyards below. His, all his—the piles of steel and copper—the unfinished hull—many vessels—yes, even the great iron steamer so near completion, from whose sides resounded the blows of hammers. The workmen —a thousand or more—were his also, to the spoken word could be accomplished. The child is livelier, its skin is fresher, and its appetite better than we have observed in a month."—Frank M. Griffin, Long Point, Texas.

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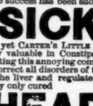

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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WM. H. JOHNSON.

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Dear Sirs:—I have used Dr. F. F. Atwood's Bitters in our family with good success. I have also taken them myself, and used the bitters, and they entirely cured her. I have known others troubled with Piles who have been entirely cured by using these bitters.

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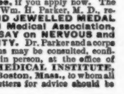

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